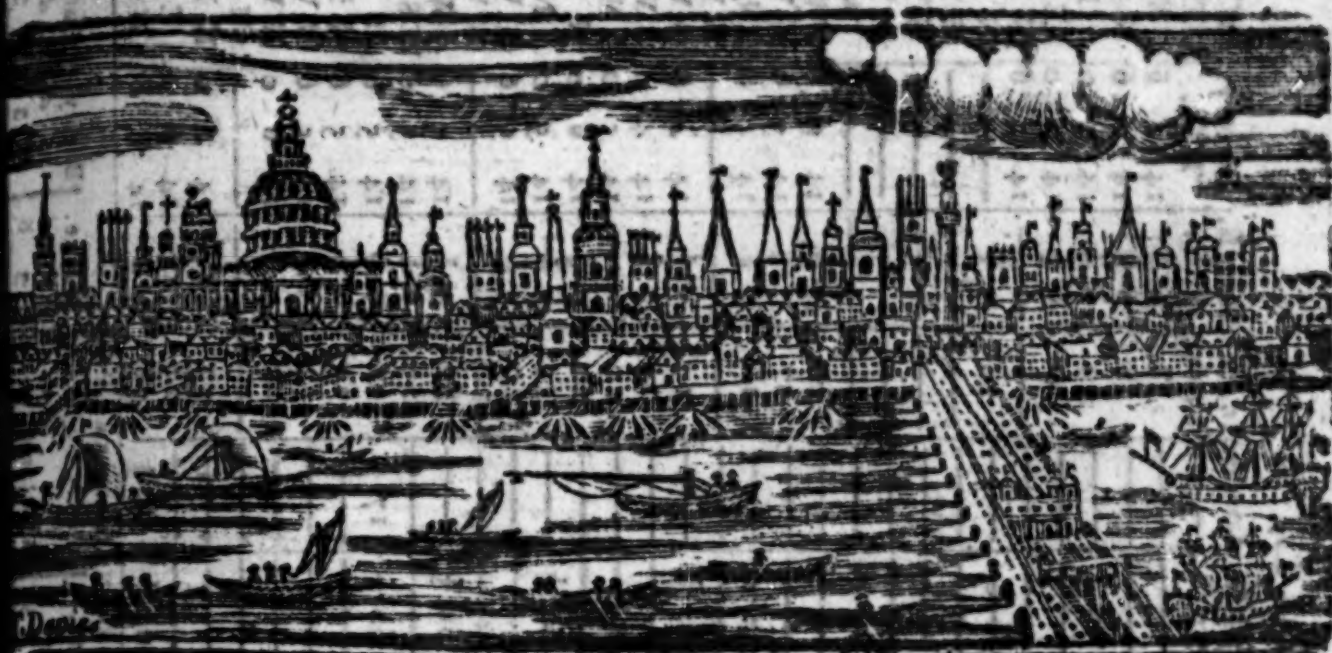


THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For A P R I L, 1779.

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With the following Embellishments, viz.

A Representation of the MUSICAL PHÆNOMENON at the Organ;

AND

The Monument of the late Mr. GRAY, in Westminster Abbey, both neatly engraved.

LONDON, printed for R. BALDWIN, at No. 47, in Pater-noster-Row;
Of whom may be had complete Sets, from the Year 1732 to the present Time, ready bound
and stitched, or any single Volume to complete Sets.

PRICES of STOCKS, &c. in APRIL, 1779.

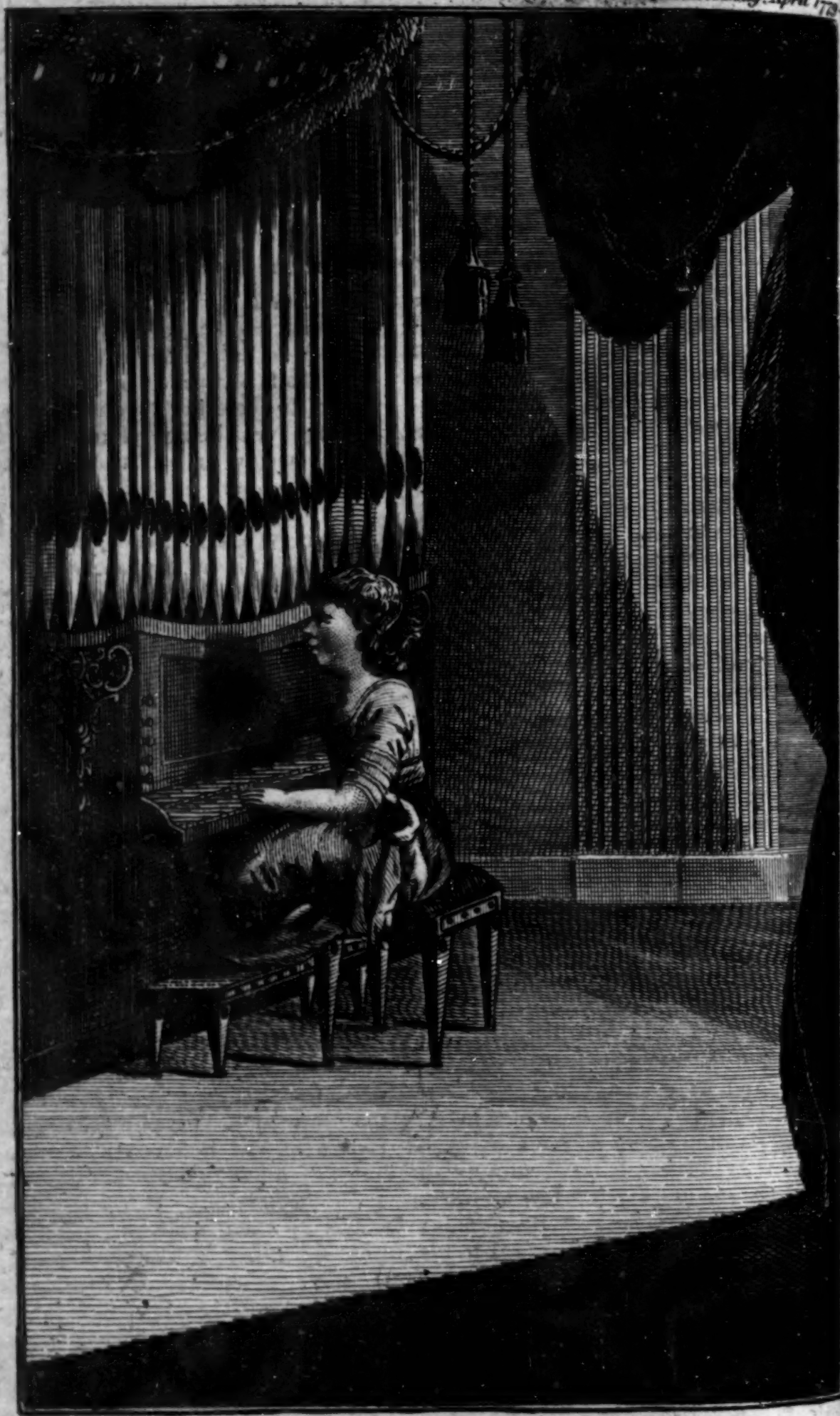
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London Mag. April 1779



The Musical Phænomenon.

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THE
LONDON MAGAZINE,
FOR APRIL, 1779.

ACCOUNT OF THE MUSICAL PHÆNOMENON,

(With his Pourtrait, after a Drawing from the Life.)

THIS very extraordinary child who now daily attracts the notice and veneration not only of persons of the first distinction, but of all lovers of native genius, is the son of *Michael* and *Isabella Crotch*: he was born at Norwich on the 5th of July, 1775. His father being an ingenious carpenter built an organ for his own amusement; and it was owing to this incidental circumstance that the musical talents of his little son *William* were discovered so early; they might have lain dormant for years, if *Mrs. Lullman*, who teaches musick at Norwich with great reputation, and was intimately acquainted with his parents, had not played upon this organ and accompanied it with her voice before the child.

One evening in particular, about the beginning of August, 1777, he sat in his mother's lap while *Mrs. Lullman* played and sung a considerable time; after that lady was gone, the child cried and was remarkably fractious; his mother attributed it to a pin, or some inward pain; she undressed him and endeavoured to find out the cause, but in vain: however, as she was carrying him to bed, she passed near the organ, and he stretched out his little hands towards it, upon which *Mrs. Crotch* set him down to the keys, and he instantly struck them seemingly in great extasy; he played a few minutes, but imagining it to be only the humour of an infant, she paid no regard to his manner of touching the instrument, and he was soon put to bed to all appearance perfectly satisfied. The next morning after breakfast, while *Mrs. Crotch* was gone to market, his father, willing to indulge his own curiosity, put the child to the organ, and was astonished to hear him play great part of the tunes of *God save the King*, and *Let ambition fire thy mind*. The first

Mr. Crotch had attempted several times in the child's hearing, but was not perfect in it. The last, *Mrs. Lullman* had performed in his presence. Upon his mother's return this surprising event being related to her, she could hardly credit it, but *Billy* did not long keep her in suspense, and *Mrs. Crotch* communicating the intelligence to their friends, she was advised to let him play according to his own fancy, whenever he expressed a desire for it.

He was now two years and three weeks old, and from this time, all persons who had any taste for musick, and all the performers in Norwich resorted to the house: he played almost every day, acquired more tunes; and in the midst of performing them would strike out little airs of his own in harmony; for it is remarkable, that he never plays discord, neither will he bear it in others without expressing disgust.

He performed before full assemblies at different places, and at sundry times at Norwich, till the beginning of November, when he was carried by his mother to Cambridge, where he played on all the college and church organs to the astonishment of the gentlemen of the university. About the middle of December last he arrived at London, but no publick exhibition was made of his performances, till they had been heard by their majesties, to whom he and his mother were presented by *Lady Hertford*, at the queen's palace, on the 7th of February, when he played on the organ in the presence of their majesties and the royal family, who were graciously pleased to express their approbation. On the 13th of the same month, they waited on their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and performed to their entire satisfaction. On the 26th he played

on the organ of the Chapel Royal at St. James's, after the morning service was over, their majesties being present.

From this time he has continued playing every day, between the hours of one and three in publick, at Mrs. Hart's, milliner, in Piccadilly, opposite Dover-street.

The correspondent who favoured us with the above authentick memoirs, was one of a numerous genteel company who heard him perform on Monday the 26th of the present month; and he has desired us to subjoin his cursory observations made on the spot.

Master William Crotch is now three years and eight months old, he is a lively, active child, has a pleasing countenance, rather handsome, having fine blue eyes and flaxen hair. A large organ is placed about the centre of the room, against the wainscot: it is raised upon a stage about two feet from the floor, and a semicircular iron rod is fixed so as to secure him in his seat and separates him from the company. An arm chair is placed upon this stage, and in it a common very small matted chair which his mother fastens behind with a handkerchief to the other, that he may not fall out, for he is wanton, and full of antick tricks in the short intervals from playing. A book is placed before him, as if it was a musick book, and strangers in a distant part of the room may mistake it for such; but it is no more than a magazine or some other pamphlet with an engraved frontispiece; this he looks at and amuses himself with the figures in the plate, while he is playing any tune, or striking into his own harmony. In short, he laughs, prattles, and looks about at the company, at the same time keeping his little hands employed on the keys, and playing with so much unconcern that you would be tempted to think he did not know what he was doing.

He appears to be fondest of solemn tunes, and church musick, particularly the 104th psalm. As soon as he has finished a regular tune, or part of a tune, or played some little fancy notes of his own, he stops, and has the pranks of a wanton boy; some of the company then generally give him a cake, an apple, or an orange, to induce him to play again, but it is nine to one if he plays the tune you desire,

unless you touch the pride of his little heart, by telling him he has forgot such a tune, or he cannot play it, this seldom fails of producing the effect, and he is sure to play it with additional spirit.

After playing more than an hour, he desired to be taken down, and to have a piece of chalk, he then entertained himself and the company with drawing the outlines of a grotesque head on the floor, his mother said it resembled an old grenadier he had seen in the Park that morning. He seems to have strong imitative powers, and as every trivial incident of such a child ought to be noticed, the following instance of an apt idea, uncommon to his age, is mentioned, as it struck the writer.

A lady gave him a remarkable large orange; after looking at it a moment with admiration—"Ah! says he, this is a double orange." Some have reported that he is humourfome, it is true he will not always continue playing on in a regular manner during the time allotted for company to see him, nor can it be expected, he is not of an age to be reasoned with, and humanity forbids compulsion: it is in fact, rather surprising that he can be brought to play every day, without growing tired, and disappointing company.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and great numbers of persons of the highest rank, who might have commanded his attendance at their own houses have kindly condescended to come to hear him, and no day passes without a genteel company of from thirty to fifty, or more. The polite mode of conducting this wonderful entertainment deserves great commendation: no money is demanded; a female assistant waits on the outside of the chamber door, and receives what you think proper to give, *half a crown* is the least donation, the apartments being spacious, and expensive; but the liberality of persons of rank and fortune has been manifested by presents of valuable drawing books, and other things suited to the genius of the child; and the polite attention of Mrs. Hart to the visitors, as they pass to the apartments of Mrs. Crotch renders it still more agreeable.

We forgot to observe, that if any person plays a tune he never heard with the right hand on his organ, he will

will put a bass to it with his left hand; that he will name every note you strike on an organ, or any other instrument;

and that he always knows if any person plays out of tune.

Tuesday, April 27, 1779.

M.

OMAR, OR THE FOLLY OF ENVY, AN EASTERN TALE.

AS Omar of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandise which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation, by a croud that obstructed the passage. He raised his eyes and saw the chief Visier, who had returned from the Divan, and was entering his palace.

Omar mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the Visier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation. Surely, said he to himself, this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortal wish or imagine which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table, the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the downs of the cygnets of the Ganges. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified; all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, Omar, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who has no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own conviction. They tell thee that thou art wise, but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor, and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man, is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has none to reconcile him to

himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it; I will from this moment endeavour to be rich.

Full of his new resolution, he shuts himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes proposes to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of India, and sometimes resolves to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair. He dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden, standing before him, Omar, said the old man, I know thy perplexity, listen to thy father. Cast thine eye on the opposite mountain, Omar looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. Now, said his father, look upon the valley that lies between the hills. Omar looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. Tell me now, said his father, dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well? Let me be quickly rich, said Omar, Let the golden stream be quick and violent. Look round thee, said his father; once again Omar looked, and saw the channel of the torrent dry and dusty. But, following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by silent profits and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandise, and in twenty years purchased lands on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness

to that of the Visiter's, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal, he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him hopes of being rewarded. Every act of praise was tried, and every source of adula-

tory fiction was exhausted. Omar heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him his frailties. His own understanding reproached him with his faules. How long, said he, with a deep sigh, have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth, which at last is useless, let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

SALADIN, the soldan of Babylon, living at too profuse a rate, and being at the same time engaged in a war with several European powers, found his treasures very much exhausted. Extraordinary exigencies happening, he had pressing occasions for money, and not knowing how to raise it, thought of applying to a rich Jew, who lent money at interest. He was, however, afraid that the Jew would refuse him, and at the same time unwilling to oblige him to do it, or to punish him in case of refusal, without a colourable pretence for so doing. He therefore sent for him, received him with complaisance, and addressed him as follows: "I am told that you are a wise man, and very knowing in matters of religion. Pray, which of these three do you think the best, the Jewish, the Saracen, or the Christian?"—The Jew saw the snare that was laid for him, and rightly judged that he should be entrapped, if he preferred either religion to the other. He therefore made the following answer: "The question that you ask me, my lord, is very curious; but before you command me to declare my opinion, permit me to tell you a story. I remember I have heard of a rich man, who, besides other precious things, had a ring of great value; and being proud of possessing so rare a jewel, left it to his posterity as a monument of his great riches, and ordered by his will, that whichever of his sons should, after his death, be found possessed of this ring, should inherit all his estate, and be respected as the head of his family. In process of time the ring passed through many hands, till at last it came to one who had three sons equally

dutiful, wise, and obedient to their father, who loving them all alike, had, at different times, given them all reason to expect it; and at length contrived to satisfy all three. To effect this, he procured an ingenious artist to make two other rings, so like the true one, that no difference could be seen. The father died;—every one had his ring; and each tried, by law, to get possession of the estate which he imagined to be his due; and it yet remains undecided who shall inherit it. It is, my lord, the same thing with regard to the three religions given by God, to the people you have mentioned. Every one believes that he is the heir of God, has his true laws, and obeys his commandments: But which was in possession, was never yet determined."—Saladin, seeing that the Jew had modestly and wisely avoided the net which was spread for him, told him of his necessities, begged his assistance, and added, that he intended to have compelled the payment, if his discreet answer had not prevented him. The Jew readily lent him the money, which Saladin faithfully repaid, conceived a great affection for him, and maintained him honourably at court for the rest of his life.

To the liberal minded Bishop of Exeter, and the friends of the bill depending in Parliament, for the relief of the protestant dissenting ministers, and teachers, this anecdote is applied.

ON the 24th of August, 1734, a fleet of ships sailed from Naples for Sicily, with a fair wind.—While the Chevalier de St. George was attending the embarkation, a blast of wind blew his hat into the sea. Several officers immediately

immediately endeavoured to take it up; but he called out, "Let it alone; I will go and get another in England." Whereupon the King of Naples, throwing his hat into the sea, said, "And I will go with you." On which, a stander-by remarked, that "they might go bare-headed a long time, if they got no hats till they went to England for them; and besides, they would find none there that would fit their heads." This anecdote, a correspondent thinks, will suit those gasconading French officers (and their secret friends here), applied to their intention of invading England.

THE Bramins or Indian Priests celebrate four days in September, from the 23d to the 27th, to the honour of their god, *Jackernat* or *Brama*, being a general festivity and relaxation from business to the *Jentow* cast or tribe, who inhabit the country about the Ganges. Their idolatry is the most extravagant imaginable: about three days before the celebration, you hear a continual confused beating of drums and other horrid instruments, in the place where this hideous idol is kept, which in form is not unlike the amphitheatres of the ancients, though inferior in architecture. At the upper end of the temple the idol is placed, to which you ascend by a dozen steps, prostrating yourself at every advance till you gain the summit, although you are limited to a number of steps according to your ecclesiastical dignity; for, excepting the chief *Bramin*, the man who fans the idol, and the woman who sits by to attend it, few ascend higher than two steps. Notwithstanding this is an image made wholly by themselves, yet does their superstition so far subdue their reason, as to appoint a man to fan the image, and a woman to sit by, holding the most dainty victuals for its acceptance. They suppose its modesty is so great, as never to feed before a mortal, but that even alone it sufficiently satisfies itself; and this is discovered the fraud of the

priest, who enjoys himself at the expense of the public; and as all this is conducted nocturnally, the weak are easily deluded. The third day the temple is in its greatest splendour; the walls and pillars being ornamented with paper cut in the form of birds, beasts, and fishes, intermixed with various fruits and flowers pleasingly diversified. On this day the European gentlemen are admitted amongst them, when men and women are introduced in many ludicrous characters to divert. The fourth day of celebration is passed upon the water, where many hundred of elegant boats appear, splendidly decorated: The idols are carried in a larger boat, where various comical figures are introduced to *divert* (as they call it) their God, before he departs for his own country; and the small ones row round the larger, all endeavouring to outvie each other in gaudiness; every great man has a god of his own, but the poorer sort of each occupation club for one. Four hours they generally devote on the water, till they imagine their deity is tired! when at a signal given, they all assemble in the middle of the canal, and after a tedious ceremony, commit the idol to the water, with incredible numbers of pots filled with their most delicate food, sealed down, to furnish him with provision till he reaches his own kingdom: and, notwithstanding that they are convinced it is an image of their own workmanship, yet will many superstitiously drown themselves with this idol (which immediately sinks) concluding, they shall obtain a life of joy, and avoid a tedious transmigration of the soul.—Hear, and be astonished, O Earth! What is human nature when left to itself? No absurdities are so great, no chimeras so extravagant, but our proud reason will idolize and sanctify them! How humble ought we to be under this debasing reflexion; how thankful and how glad, for the light of the Christian revelation.

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

A New masque of three acts, intitled **CALYPSO**, written by Richard Cumberland, Esq; made its appearance on Covent-Garden stage the 22d of last month, but as the fable is well known to every school boy and girl who has read Telemachus, and the composition of the piece is generally acknowledged to have but slender merit, we did not think it necessary to make a separate theatrical article of a masque not likely to outlive the nine nights that include three benefits for the author, and Mr. Butler, whose assistance in setting it to musick insured its success. The present month has furnished a more lively entertainment, better adapted to the genius of the comick muse, and the taste of an English audience.

DRURY-LANE.

Saturday, April 17.

THIS evening a new farce of two acts was performed at this theatre for the first time, called *Who's the Dupe*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Doyley	Mr. Parsons.
Granger	Mr. Palmer.
Sandford	Mr. Aickin.
Jeremiah Gradus	Mr. King.
Elisabeth Doyley	Mrs. Brereton.
Charlotte	Mrs. Wrighten.

Doyley is an old wealthy illiterate citizen, execrating his unkind fate, which prevented his being bred a *schollard*, forms an immoveable purpose of marrying his daughter Elisabeth to a man of learning, and accordingly writes to a friend to this end, who recommends him Gradus as a fit person. Miss Doyley, a sprightly good girl, is enamoured of, and beloved by Granger, an officer, who, on hearing from her letter the whimsical design of her father, flies up from Devonshire, to take measures with his mistress, to obviate such an event. The piece opens with a light pretty conversation between Granger and Sandford, friends and brother officers. After spending 4000l. Granger appears possessed only of his commission, and to retrieve his fortune

as well as gratify his love, determines upon Miss Doyley; Sandford promises his assistance, and Granger goes to visit his mistress. After some tender conversation between the lovers, old Doyley comes to the door of the daughter's dressing room, which deranges the young couple extremely;—but by the assistance of Charlotte, a crafty, smart waiting woman, Granger is instantly dressed in female apparel, and passes as a French milliner. This incident is evidently intended to produce a horrid laugh, and it did so:—in the hilarity of which however we did not find ourselves passionate partakers. It is a trick too often practised, and in general a low trick. The idea seemed borrowed from *The Wonder*. Gradus, incased in *university rust*, a perfect book worm, stiff and pedantick, is introduced to Elisabeth, and the father retires in raptures from the learning of Gradus. The daughter and her maid severally rally poor Gradus, and the effect of their ridicule is, that he flies away, disgusted with his collegiate formality, and soon returns a second *Ben Mordecai*. The transmutation of old Doyley; and Granger is cunningly introduced here by Sandford, dressed in black, and ostensibly possessed of great science; Doyley is charmed with him, and declares whoever of the two proves superior in ancient languages and learning shall have his daughter, and therefore to indulge his whim pits them *against each other*. We will not say this is a comick (because it may be improperly be deemed an improbable and absurd) situation, but we will venture to assert it is at least a *comical* and most laughter-creating situation. Gradus begins with a Greek epigram, and Granger replies in a rhapsody of bombastick English, which Doyley mistakes for some of the dead languages, and declares victory for the latter. Gradus very dramatically takes the hand of Charlotte, and the piece concludes in a double match.

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ON CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

(Continued from our last Volume, page 581.)

WE shall be further convinced of the absurdity and inhumanity of punishing theft and robbery capital-ly, if we consider the peculiar situations of the generality of those who have recourse to such wicked practices: Many honest persons, after having long pined in the most abject poverty, and struggled with adversity in its most hideous forms, are at last obliged, in order to supply the wants of nature, perhaps to support a helpless family; to take by force, what the charity of their fellow-creatures denies them: I ask, whether such persons deserve a halter? Do they not rather claim that pity and compassion which to the unfortunate are always due? How many unwary young men, who, by bad example and advice, having been seduced into the paths of vice, are at last reduced to a state of beggary? What can such unhappy persons do? destitute of the comforts, and even the necessaries of life—forsaken by their relations and friends—and left in the lurch by those wicked persons who formerly shared in their prosperity, life becomes a burthen to them, and thus they are hurried on to commit such actions as often lead them to an untimely end.

Thus having attempted to show that our penal laws are inconsistent with the principles of natural equity, contrary to the common feelings of humanity, and the voice of conscience; let us now endeavour to weigh them in the scale of utility and sound policy, or in other words to see, whether capital punishments, for theft and robbery, tend most effectually to answer the end proposed, that is, the suppression of these crimes.

That the frequency of executions has not diminished the number of our thieves and robbers is an evident fact: but what will some say, when it is asserted, that the frequency of executions tends rather to promote than suppress such crimes, by giving occasion to invent new methods of fraud, and to commit crimes with greater dexterity: and a strong proof of the inefficacy of the present mode of punishing, is, that we have many instances at the time

and place of execution of persons being detected in the commission of those very crimes for which they see others suffering. Though the gibbet disables a thief, or a robber from committing further injuries, such an example, seldom contributes to reform his associates and brethren in iniquity; for these people seldom either recollect or anticipate; and if capital punishments were restricted to murder, I am persuaded that few robbers would stain their hands in blood; but according to our penal laws, by this last act of cruelty, a thief or a robber incurs no greater danger than before, and greater security may be obtained. Thus we see, that our penal laws counteract their own purposes, and are attended with very hurtful consequences to the community.

It were easy to prove, by an induction of facts, from the history of other nations, the bad policy of rendering the crimes of theft and robbery capital.

Are those countries, that are most remarked for the severity of their punishments, distinguished above others by a regard to their laws? by no means. Turkey and Japan, where almost every punishment is capital, have never been models for any state to copy after.

It will perhaps be thought too bold an assertion, that our penal laws in fact encourage murder—a little illustration may be necessary to explain myself. A robber only wants your purse; but as he knows that the punishment is equally severe in both cases, he is often tempted to commit murder, in hopes of obtaining greater security; and it appears surprising to me that every robbery is not attended with murder. In China, capital punishments are never inflicted for robbery, excepting when it is followed by murder; the consequence is, that in China few robbers commit murder. In Russia, where the penal laws are very severe, a robbery is seldom committed without murder: It is with pleasure I say that such barbarity seldom takes place in this country: No thanks to our legislators for this, but to that humanity and generosity which are the distinguishing characteristics

characteristics of free-born Britons.—English robbers are remarked over all Europe for their politeness and generosity: Shall then the dregs of the people hold the crime of murder in such abhorrence, and shall those to whom the care of our lives and properties is committed want the noblest feelings of human nature? Are these, O Britain! the equitable laws that thou contendest for? Are these the laws that have raised thee to be the envy and admiration of the world? Are thine the people who boast of benevolent and compassionate hearts? Let us repair to Tyburn, and there we shall be presented with scenes that must shock every heart possessed of the least degree of sensibility; there shall we see scores of the human spe-

cies hung up every month, like dogs, for crimes which deserve much slighter degrees of punishment; or which at least might be punished in a way that would be more beneficial to the community, and, alas! more serviceable to the unhappy criminals themselves. I wish, for the honour of humanity, I sincerely wish, for the honour of Britain, that I could draw a veil over those shocking scenes, and hide at least the nakedness of my country.

In a future essay, I may very probably offer a few reflexions on the means of correcting those defects under which our penal laws labour,—which will conclude what I intend to say upon this subject. Your's, &c.

ACADEMICUS.

FOR THE LONDON MAGAZINE. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,
THERE is nothing more certain, than that the apprehension of any evil is worse than the thing itself: in the well-known story of the rat and the rattle-snake, in which it plainly appears, that the death of the rat was wholly owing to the terror, which its mortal enemy, the rattle-snake, had put it under: I shall here endeavour to prove, that mankind are liable to the same terrors and apprehensions of death as other animals, by two remarkable instances, which though they have no other merit, but that of being true, that I hope will secure me the good opinion of the candid reader.

There was, not long since, in the Turkish empire, a person who had unfortunately incurred the displeasure of the then bashaw; and as in those countries the sentence of death is wholly in the disposal of the chief minister of the province, so he varies it according to his own caprice, or that of his favourite: it happened here, that the sentence was to have the great arteries open'd, and the unhappy criminal to bleed to death. But some curious English gentlemen, being at the court, at that time, petitioned the bashaw with so good success, that the sentence was repealed, and the man was put into their power: every thing had now happened according to these gentlemen's wish, as

they had no other motives than that of humanity, and the desire to gratify their own curiosity, in seeing how far the apprehension alone of the sentence would hurt him.

When the day of execution came, the unhappy criminal appeared, seated on a machine which kept him from moving, at the bottom of which, was a bathing tub: he was then blindfolded, and the executioner, who had received his secret orders, was now bid to begin; which he did, by giving him two or three small scratches, and at the same time some small spouts, which had been procured for the purpose, were (to carry on the deceit) supplied with warm water, which ran trickling into the bathing tub at the bottom. We now come to the unhappy period. The deluded victim appeared in all the agonies of death, and, notwithstanding the utmost magnanimity, with which he had acted on this occasion, his mind could not bear an apprehension so dreadful, but nature sunk under the burden, and he died in a few minutes. The other case happened in Italy, and was in the following manner:

Nicolo, marquiss of Ferrara, was taken ill of a quartan fever, which continued so violent that his physicians gave him up, and sent him to a house he had on the river Po for change of air: he took with him one servant, who

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loved him with the utmost tenderness, and this servant, having heard that sudden fear was a sovereign remedy for a quartan fever, resolved to try it on his master; wherefore having observed that the marquiss walked every day on the banks of the Po, and knowing it was not very deep, he resolved to push him in. A miller, who lived over-against the place, he acquainted with his design, and, having ordered him to be ready with his boat to take his master up, if there should be occasion, next morning he threw him in, after which he immediately fled to Padua: in the mean time, the miller took up the marquiss, who was indeed thoroughly frightened, and vowed to be revenged.

So extraordinary a case was the subject of every body's conversation: the marquiss caused his servant to be summoned before the courts of justice, and, not appearing, he was for ever banished Ferrara, and condemned, if he should ever return thither, to be beheaded.

This news soon reached Padua, notwithstanding which the servant in a

few days came back to Ferrara, and desired admittance to the marquiss; which was denied, and instead thereof he was apprehended, and ordered to prepare for execution. The marquiss however finding himself cured of his fever, his resentment began to abate, and he was determined to save him, but to seem resolved to let the law take its course. A day was therefore fixed for his execution, and all Ferrara thronged to see it performed. The servant appeared on the scaffold, with his confessor, who, after protesting he had no other motive than the cure of his master, laid his head on the block, and gave the fatal signal. The executioner had his orders before hand at that instant to pour some cold water on his neck, which being done, the colour left his cheeks, his eyes sunk in his head, and he died in a few moments without speaking a single word; such are the fatal and extraordinary effects of fear on man, not less than on the brute creation, and not less than the sudden transports of the most affecting joy.

A COMMON REMARK ACCOUNTED FOR: *Viz.* MEN OF GENIUS DO NOT ALWAYS EXCEL IN CONVERSATION.

(From *Essays Moral and Literary.*)

TO ÆMILIUS.

WHEN you were with me last, I remember you expressed your surprise, that Varus, who has indubitable marks of true genius in his writings, appeared utterly destitute of spirit and vivacity in conversation. You seemed at a loss to account for the dullness of a man, whose pages are replete with wit and humour; and you were astonished to find, that he who had engaged in the deepest disquisitions with all the subtilty of argument, was unable to support a trifling conversation on the common topicks of the day. You did not perhaps recollect, that great minds can exert themselves only on great occasions. Either from pride, diffidence, or natural inability, poets and philosophers are known to appear inferior in the arts of conversation, and the little decencies of common life, to the illiterate beau, and the superficial female.

It has been said, you know, that they

who are employed in sublime speculations, learn to despise every subordinate object as unworthy their regard or cultivation. Where this is really the case, it is easy to account for the awkwardness of men of wit and letters; for it is impossible to bestow pains on the disquisition of what we condemn: but your own, as well as my experience, will furnish instances of those who have thought it a misfortune not to be able to shine at the tea-table as well as in the schools. Scaurus is one of this kind of men, and though he can trace a system through all its mazes, he is incapable of expatiating on the common subjects of a new play, a new face, a new ministry, with tolerable accuracy or politeness.

One might naturally suppose, that when at last these exalted geniuses condescend to open their lips, something uncommonly excellent would come out: but we often indulge our expectations

farther than reason and experience seem to justify. The greatest men are still but men, and in the common intercourse of life, are upon a level with the vulgar. I dare say, you remember a shrewd remark of a writer, whose name I cannot recollect, that no great man ever appeared great in the eyes of his *valet de chambre*. In truth, many objects in the moral, as well as natural world, seem larger when viewed imperfectly and obscurely. The meteor which strikes the distant beholder with fear and astonishment, is found, upon a nearer view, to be nothing but a vapour; and the philosopher, who is

the object of awe and veneration among those who never approach him, becomes, when closely inspected in the humble occupations of common life, no more than a common man.

Life has often been compared to a drama, and the world to a stage—I believe the subject we have been now considering will increase the resemblance. Various indeed are the characters when they appear on the publick stage, but when they retire behind the scenes, and put off the glittering outside which fascinated beholders, the monarch differs little from the beggar, and the philosopher from the peasant.

THE ADVENTURES OF SOCIVIZCA.

A NOTORIOUS ROBBER AND ASSASSIN, OF THE RACE OF THE MORLACHIANS, COMMONLY CALLED MONTENEGRINS.

(Continued from Feb. Mag. p. 53.)

RESTORED by this artful device to the liberty of breathing the free air, his subtlety furnished him with various pretences to amuse his guards for upwards of a month; sometimes he directed them to pursue one route to arrive at a cavern in which he had concealed a considerable sum, at others, he declared that he had mistaken the place, and finally, at SIGN, being confronted by several persons whom he called his debtors to a large amount, but who solemnly and juridically protested they did not owe him a single sequin, the guards to punish him loaded him with heavy irons and confined him in an obscure apartment, placing two sentinels at the door night and day, till they had reposed themselves sufficiently after the fatigue of travelling, and had procured depositions in form of the falsity of his pretensions to give to the bashaw. By way of revenge, they found means to send for his wife and his two children, a boy and a girl, from the county of Zara, pretending that he was at full liberty, and had ordered them to repair to him, but as soon as they arrived, they took them into custody.

This was an unexpected aggravation of his misfortunes, but it did not conquer his fortitude, nor check the fertility of his genius, ever meditating the means of escape. On the 26th of November, 1738, Socivizca and his fa-

mily were carried before the Effendi by his guards, in order to receive instructions for reconducting him to Traunick, his wife was ordered to kiss the hand of the officer as a token of obedience; he suffered her and his daughter to submit to this ceremony, but when they ordered his son to do the same, he called to him in a furious tone—"Stand off! and do not offer to kiss the hand of that dog." The Turks were struck dumb with surprise, and the Effendi admiring his greatness of soul made an apology to him, expressing regret that his people had urged the compliance with this ceremony, only as a matter of custom. One of the spectators showing a forwardness to seize him, in order to tie him on the horse he was to ride, he shook his chains in a terrible manner, and bid him keep his distance, adding these words, in the same furious tone: "Soul of a dog, think'st thou, that I am a woman to be held by the hand!" and then notwithstanding the weight of his chains, he mounted his horse without assistance, and would not suffer any subaltern to tie him on, obliging the Effendi himself to perform this office, to whom he submitted quietly. His wife and children were obliged to follow upon other horses.

The inhabitants of Sign, affected at this melancholy cavalcade, in compassion for his wife and children, made a collection

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collection for him, and these charitable contributions he turned to more advantage than a rich booty, so dexterous was he in resources. The liberality of Socivizca soon became the theme of praise with his guards, for most of the money given to him for his support he spent in regaling them with brandy, till they got drunk by drinking bumper to his health. As soon as they had passed the frontiers of the Venetian territories, Socivizca complained of the extreme cold, upon which they covered him with a long Turkish cloak called a *kabanizca*, and his wife having secretly conveyed to him a knife some time before; he took an opportunity under this concealment, to cut the rope with which he was tied upon the horse, first in two, and afterwards by degrees into small bits which he dropped from time to time unperceived upon the road. About sun-set they arrived at the tower of Prologh, not far from Bilibrigh, where there is a station of Turkish cavalry. Here a dispute arose, if they should proceed farther, or stop, and it was decided by the majority to go on. At the distance of about two hundred yards beyond the tower of Prologh the road on one side, passes along the edge of a very steep descent; at this part of Socivizca slid from the horse, and took the chance of rolling down the declivity, till he caught hold of the branch of a tree, which stopped him, and behind this tree he sheltered himself. The snow lay upon the ground, which at other times is a fine valley lined with fruit trees. As soon as the guard nearest the horse missed his prisoner, he imparted it to his companions, who were stupified with astonishment, and not suspecting that he had stopped, they separated and galloped on in pursuit of him. Night now came on, and a heavy fall of snow, and when Socivizca thought it was so dark that objects could not be any longer distinguished, he traversed the mountains and woods, continuing his journey all night to regain the Venetian frontiers. He was frequently obliged to climb up to trees to avoid the fury of wild beasts, but the weight of his chains generally brought him to the ground, and probably nothing but the rattling of them preserved him from being detected. At length however he reached Morlachia in safety; his countrymen

released him from his chains, made great rejoicings upon the occasion, and composed songs in their language to be sung in honour of their hero.

He told the emperor, that at this period of his life he had resolved to support himself and family by the labour of his hands in a private retreat, and not to commit any more depredations on the Turks; if he could have prevailed on the Bashaw of Traunick to restore to him his wife and son; as for his daughter she had been compelled to embrace the Mahometan religion, and was well married to a rich Turk, who said it was a pity such fine blood should be contaminated by a Morlachian contact. But the bashaw deaf to all his intreaties, and enraged by disappointment, would not answer the letters he wrote him, in which he remonstrated, that he had only followed the common law of nature in using every stratagem to recover that first of blessings, liberty. Instead of restoring his wife and son, he sent an embassy to the Margrave Contarini, Governor General of Venetian Dalmatia, requiring him by the law of nations to find him out, to seize him, and to send him to him. The margrave who understood politics better than the bashaw, replied, that having once got him into their hands, within their own dominions, they should have taken care to prevent his escape; and that an attempt to make him compensate for their negligence was a manifest affront: in short, he dismissed the envoys with contempt.

As for Socivizca, finding all his endeavours to recover his wife and son by fair means were fruitless, he resolved to resume his former occupation and to avenge himself on the bashaw's subjects. For this purpose he put himself at the head of twenty-five select companions, all of them intrepid, and in the vigour of youth: with this chosen band he took the road for Serraglio, the first Turkish town beyond the Venetian frontiers; for he had the prudence not to commit any act of violence within the jurisdiction of the Venetian state, that he might not make that government responsible for his depredations.

In a few days he met with a Turkish caravan, consisting of one hundred horses laden with rich merchandise, and escorted by seventy men. The Turks seeing him accompanied by so strong a band,

band, though they were so much superior, dreaded him to such a degree, that they fled with the utmost precipitation, and only one Jew merchant lost his life, in defence of his valuable effects. This audacious robbery alarmed the whole Ottoman empire. Parties were sent out against him from all quarters, he was sought for in the mountains and in the vallies, every field and almost every bush was beat, as if they had been in chace of a wild boar; but this was all mockery to disguise their cowardice, for while all these parties were making such strict researches, he and his companions appeared at noon day in their villages, and supplied themselves with provisions in the markets of their towns. He generally lodged his booty at a convent of *Caloyers*, an order of friars of the Greek church, who make a vow of rigid abstinence, but whose religion does not prevent them from harbouring the *Aiduzée* (highwaymen) of the coun-

try, and sharing their plunder: the guardian of one of these convents situated at Dragovich, seven miles beyond the springs of Cettina, was his particular friend, and here he often retired, separating himself from his companions for many months, so that the Turks often thought he was dead; while he was only waiting for an opportunity to fall upon them, and to exterminate as many of their race as possible. At length, his robberies and massacres became insupportable to the Ottomans, and occasioned great inconveniences to the Venetian state; for they were the constant source of quarrels between the inhabitants of the frontiers of the two powers, so that it became the interest of the latter to seize him; therefore upon every new complaint of the Turks; the government of Dalmatia increased the reward offered to take him, dead or alive.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ACCOUNT of the Island of SUMATRA, and of a neighbouring Island never known to have been visited by any European; in Letters from Mr. Charles Miller, son of the late Botanic Gardener, settled at Fort Marlbro' near Bencoolen, to his Friends in England. Communicated to the Royal Society by Edward King, Esq.

(From the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. LXVIII. Part I. for the Year 1778, just published.)

(Continued from our last p. 120.)

I HAVE taken other journies into different parts of the interior country, never before visited by any Europeans. These journies were performed on foot, through such roads, swamps, &c. as were to appearance almost impassable. I have been hitherto so fortunate as to meet with no obstruction from the natives; but, on the contrary, have been hospitably received every where. Almost all the country has been covered with thick woods of trees mostly new and undescribed, and is not one-hundredth part inhabited.

It is amazing how poor the *Fauna* of this country is, particularly in the *mammalia* and *aves*. We have abundance of the *simia gibbon* of BUFFON: they are quite black, about three feet high, and their arms reach to the ground when they stand erect; they walk on their hind legs only, but I believe very rarely come down to the

ground. I have seen hundreds of them together on the tops of high trees. We have several other species of the *simia* also; but one seldom sees them but at a great distance. The *oerang oatan*, or wild-man (for that is the meaning of the words) I have heard much talk of, but never seen; nor can I find any of the natives here that have seen it. The tiger is to be heard of in almost every part of this island: I have never seen one yet, though I have frequently heard them when I have slept in the woods, and often seen the marks of their feet. They annually destroy near one hundred people in the country where the pepper is planted; yet the people are so infatuated that they seldom kill them, having a notion that they are animated by the souls of their ancestors.

Of tiger-cats we have two or three sorts; elephants, rhinoceros, elks, one

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two other kind of deer, buffaloes, two or three sorts of mustelæ, porcupines, and the small hog-deer, almost complete the catalogue of our *mammalia*.

Birds I have seen very few indeed, and very few species of insects. Ants, of twenty or thirty kinds, abound here so much as to make it almost impossible to preserve birds or insects. I have frequently attempted it, but in vain.

I have met with one instance, and one only, of a stratum of fossil shells. I had some notion that it was an observation (of CONDAMINE's I think) that no such thing was to be found between the tropicks.

The island of Enganho, though situated only about ninety miles to the southward of Malbro', was so little known, on account of the terrible rocks and breakers which entirely surround it, that it was even doubtful whether it was inhabited: to this island I have made a voyage. With great difficulty and danger we beat up the whole south-west side of it, without finding any place where we could attempt to land; and we lost two anchors, and had very near suffered shipwreck before we found a secure place into which we might run the vessel. At last, however, we discovered a spacious harbour at the south-east end of the island, and I immediately went into it in the boat, and ordered the vessel to follow me as soon as possible, for it was then a dead calm. We rowed directly into this bay; and as soon as we had got round the points of an island which lay off the harbour, we discovered all the beach covered with naked savages, who were all armed with lances and clubs; and twelve canoes full of them, who till we had passed them, had been concealed, immediately rushed out upon me, making a horrid noise: this, you may suppose alarmed us greatly; and as I had only one European and six black soldiers, besides the four sailors that rowed the boat, I thought best to return, if possible, under the guns of the vessel, before I ventured to speak with them. In case we were attacked, I ordered the seapoys to reserve their fire till they could be sure their balls would take effect; and then to take advantage of the confusion our firing would throw the savages into, and attack them, if possible, with their

bayonets. The canoes, however, after having pursued for a mile, or a mile and a half, luckily stopped a little to consult together, which gave us an opportunity to escape them, as they did not care to pursue us out to sea. The same afternoon the vessel came to an anchor in the bay, and we were presently visited by fifty or sixty canoes full of people. They paddled round the vessel, and called to us in a language which nobody on board understood, though I had people with me who understood the languages spoken on all the other islands. They seemed to look at every thing about the vessel very attentively; but more from the motive of pilfering than from curiosity, for they watched an opportunity and unshipped the rudder of the boat, and paddled away with it. I fired a musquet over their heads, the noise of which frightened them so, that all of them immediately leaped into the sea, but soon recovered themselves and paddled off.

They are a tall, well-made people; the men in general about five feet eight or ten inches high; the women shorter and more clumsily built. They are of a red colour, and have straight, black hair, which the men cut short, but the women let grow long, and roll up in a circle on the top of their heads very neatly. The men go entirely naked, and the women wear nothing more than a very narrow slip of plaintain leaf. The men always go armed with six or eight lances, made of the wood of the cabbage-tree, which is extremely hard; they are about six feet long, and topped with the large bones of fish sharpened and barbed, or with a piece of bamboo hardened in the fire, very sharp-pointed, and its concave part armed with the jaw-bones and teeth of fish, so that it would be almost impossible to extract them from a wound. They have no iron or other metal that I could see, yet they build very neat canoes; they are formed of two thin boards sewed together, and the seam filled with a resinous substance. They are about ten feet long, and about a foot broad, and have an outrigger on each side, to prevent their over-setting. They split trees into boards with stone wedges.

Their houses are circular, supported on ten or twelve iron-wood sticks about six feet long: they are neatly floored with plank, and the roof rises immediately

diately from the floor in a conical form, so as to resemble a straw beehive; their diameter is not above eight feet.

These people have no rice, fowls, or cattle, of any kind: they seem to live upon cocoa nuts, sweet potatoes, and sugar-canes. They catch fish, and dry them in the smoke; these fish they either strike with their lances, or catch in a drawing net, of which they make very neat ones.

They do not chew betel, a custom which prevails universally among the eastern nations.

I went on shore the day after the vessel anchored in the bay, hoping to be able to see something of the country, and to meet with some of the chiefs. I saw a few houses near the beach, and went towards them; but the natives flocked down to the beach, to the number of sixty or seventy men, well armed with their lances, &c. and put themselves in our way; yet, when we approached them, they retreated slowly, making some few threatening gestures. I then ordered my companions to halt and to be well on their guard, and went alone towards them: they permitted me to come amongst them, and I gave them some knives, pieces of cloth, and looking-glasses, with all which they seemed well pleased, and allowed me to take from them their lances, &c. and give them to my servant, whom I called to take them. Finding them to behave civilly, I made signs that I wanted to go to their houses and eat with them; they immediately sent people who brought me cocoa-nuts, but did not seem to approve of my going to their houses: however, I determined to venture thither, and seeing a path leading towards them, I went forward attended by about twenty of them, who, as soon as we had got behind some trees, which prevented my people seeing us, began to lay violent hands on my clothes, and endeavour to pull them off; but having a small hanger, I drew it, and making a stroke at the most officious of them, retreated as fast as possible to the beach. Soon after we heard the sound of a conch-shell; upon which all the people retired, with all possible expedition, to a party of about two hundred, who were assembled at about a mile distance. It was now near sun-set, and we were near a mile from our boat; and, as I

was apprehensive we might be way-laid in our return if we staid longer, I ordered my people to return with all possible speed; but first went to the houses the natives had abandoned, and found them stripped of every thing; so that I suppose this party had been amusing us while others had been employed in removing their wives, children, &c. into the woods. I intended to have attempted another day to have penetrated into the country, and had prepared my people for it; but the inconsiderate resentment of an officer, who was sent with me, rendered my scheme abortive. He had been in the boat to some of the natives who had waded out on a reef of rocks and called to us; they had brought some cocoa-nuts, for which he gave them pieces of cloth: one of them seeing his hanger lying beside him in the boat, snatched it and ran away; upon which he fired upon them, and pursued them to some of their houses, which finding empty, he burnt. This set the whole country in alarm; conch-shells were sounded all over the bay, and in the morning we saw great multitudes of people assembled in different places, making use of threatening gestures; so that finding it would be unsafe to venture amongst them again, as, for want of understanding their language, we could not come to any explanation with them, I ordered the anchor to be weighed, and sailed out of the bay, bringing away two of the natives with me.

In our return home my desire of seeing some yet unexplored parts of the island of Sumatra, occasioned me to order the vessel to put me on shore at a place called Flat Point, on the southern extremity of the island, from whence I walked to Fort Malbro'. In this journey I underwent great hardships, being sometimes obliged to walk on the sandy beach, exposed to the sun, from six in the morning till six at night, without any refreshment; sometimes precipitated to ascend or descend, so steep that we could only draw ourselves up, or let ourselves down, by a rattan; at other times rapid rivers to cross, and then to walk the remaining part of the day in wet clothes. The consequence of these hardships has been a violent fever; so much as I then regretted having quitted the ship, I had, when I came to Fort Malbro', more reason to rejoice; for

then found, that the vessel, in her voyage home, was lost, and every soul on board perished. This has, however, been a severe stroke upon me; for as I was obliged to leave all my baggage on board, it being impracticable to carry it over land, I lost all my clothes, books, specimens, manuscripts, notes, arms, &c. from Enganho; in short, almost every thing which I had either brought with me or collected during my residence in this island.

I forgot to mention, that when I was at Tappanooly I saw what I find in PURCHAS's Pilgrim called *the wonderful plant of Sombrero*: his account, however, is somewhat exaggerated, when he says it bears leaves and grows to be a great tree. The name by which it is known to the Malays is *Lalan-lout*, that is, sea-grass. It is found in sandy bays, in shallow water, where it appears like a slender freight stick,

but, when you attempt to touch it, immediately withdraws itself into the sand. I could never observe any *tentacula*: a broken piece, near a foot long, which, after many unsuccessful attempts, I drew out, was perfectly freight and uniform, and resembled a worm drawn over a knitting needle; when dry it is a coral.

The sea cocoa-nut, which has long been erroneously considered as a marine production, and been so extremely scarce and valuable, is now discovered to be the fruit of a palm with flabelliform leaves, which grows abundantly on the small islands to the eastward of Madagascar, called in our charts Mahi, &c. and by the French *Les Isles de Sechelles*. To these islands the French have sent a large colony, and planted them with clove and nutmeg trees, as they have likewise the islands of Bourbon and Mauritius.

REFLEXIONS ON FRIENDSHIP AND THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

(From a Lady of Quality's Advice to her Children.)

IF we are right in saying that a true friend is a treasure, we may be equally sure that a false one is a monster. He abuses the confidence we place in him, to our ruin, and makes sport of the affection we show him: there are hypocrites in friendship as well as in religion.

But there is nothing more agreeable or useful to mankind, than friendship: without this, the happiest life leaves a vacuum which can never be filled; there are a thousand cases in which we have need of counsel or assistance; a thousand situations in which we have no comfort but in the sight of a friend; he is a support under every difficulty; a *Mentor*, to recall our wandering steps.

Gentleness of manners, and a compliance of disposition will secure to you all the blessings of friendship; but if you are not upon your guard against external appearances, you will run the risk either of having false friends, or of having no friend at all.

Your choice must not be determined either by an agreeable countenance, or a lively turn of conversation, or a brilliancy of wit; we are often ensnared by these exterior accomplishments; but

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experience will teach you, that there is nothing so deceitful as words and looks.

You must penetrate into the very soul of him, whom you wish really to know; if you listen only to the publick voice, you will find your judgement equally divided between satire and panygyrick, and you will not know which side to take. I never knew a person, who had not his share of good and evil report. While some commend him, others blame him; and it is almost always prejudice, which determines both the one and the other.

It is not in the circle of irregularity, or in the lap of pleasure, that you will meet with minds susceptible of true friendship: for she is prudent and discreet; and young men enslaved to their passions are intemperate and precipitate: you need not see them more than once to know them thoroughly: they commend nothing but pleasure; they admire nothing but dissipation; they speak of nothing but what is injurious to religion and morality; all which are the strongest arguments against the admission of such persons into your friendship.

Thus, if you should make choice of

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One that is fond of play, he would soon persuade you that his passion is a certain resource against dullness and misfortunes; that the gaming table is the rendezvous of the best company; that it is very agreeable to make such large interest of one's money; till in short, he prevails, and you are undone.—Connect yourself with a man of pleasure, and he will tell you there is no happiness but in sensual gratifications; and in the end, he will pervert your understanding, and corrupt your affections: one insensibly becomes wicked, by conversing with such as are wickedly disposed; this is an opinion, which is confirmed by reason and sad experience.

An ill disposed friend involves us in every kind of misfortune; and the wounds which he gives us, are so much the more dangerous, because he often goes down with us into the pit which he has digged for us. His kindness ensnares us; and though we see we are the dupes of his folly, we have no longer resolution to oppose it. Leave the choice of your friends to virtue, which will preserve you from these dangers.

How happy will you be, if ever you are blest with a real friend! he will be a living book, in which you may read your duty; and your own affection being joined with his, there will be only one mind, and one will betwixt you: when we are united by generous sentiments, we mutually encourage each other to every thing that is good; there is something sacred in friendship when it is animated by virtue. But we must not expect to find true friends, if we do not use our utmost endeavours to deserve them; there is nothing more common than to hear people complain of the scarcity of friends, and nothing more rare than to see them studious to cultivate friendship. We are not apt to think that friendship is a commerce, which must be carried on at a mutual expence.

Do not accustom yourselves to call any man your friend, whom you have not proved, and whom you do not know to be such: be honest, sincere, and agreeable yourselves, and I will be answerable for it, that the blessing of friendship shall be yours. We form connexions too hastily to have real friends, and we change them too often to know their value: there is too much

levity to be met with every where, and only the shadow of friendship to be seen.

A virtuous person, to whom we can at all times with safety unbosom ourselves, is of more use to us, than books or conversation: when we are agitated by our passions, we seek an asylum in his breast, and find that tranquillity, which we so much want.

Only make your observations on two faithful friends: listen to them, and you will find in their language and their sentiments, a degree of candour and benevolence that will charm you: if they descant on the emptiness of earthly honours, it is the voice of reason; if they give an account of their own affairs; it is done with the utmost openness and integrity. They adhere closely to the dictates of virtue; the strongest supports the weaker; the wiser instructs the more ignorant; each is content with his own measure of knowledge, and in this little society, neither wishes to have the pre-eminence.

You are now arrived at an age to think of making such friends: a friendship begun in our youth, is a band not easily to be broken. Experience will teach you, that the generality of persons, whom you meet with in the world, are only fit for the intercourse of common civility; and that the number of these, among whom a friend is to be chosen, is very small. Let this choice be directed by reason, as well as by the affections, and you will never then have cause to repent of it.

We are never more sensible of the true value of a friend, than when we labour under any sickness or misfortune: the courtier passes by, and does not remember that he ever saw you; the man of the world sends to enquire after you, and proceeds no farther: but the real friend risks every thing; nay, quits every thing, to assist and comfort you; he divides himself, he multiplies himself, he knows no greater pleasure than in opening his heart, and discovering the sincerity of his affection: we are always ready to disclose our hearts, when we have nothing but virtues to show.

I should not have said so much on the subject of friendship, if it were not so absolutely necessary in human life.—Heaven grant, that these reflexions may imprint on your minds those sentiments which friendship inspires!

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY.

A Concise History of the Proceedings of the present Session of Parliament, begun and bolden at Westminster, on Thursday the 26th Day of November, 1778. Being the Fifth Session of the Fourteenth Parliament of Great-Britain.

(Continued from our last, page 130.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Wednesday, March 3.

THIS day Mr. Fox, after making a complaint to the House that all the papers moved for, and ordered by a vote of the House of the preceding Tuesday, to be laid before them, by the officers of the admiralty, were not yet on the table, and that those which they had vouchsafed to bring had only been delivered this morning, so that the members could not have an opportunity to peruse and consider them with attention,—introduced in a long speech the following motion:—"That it is the opinion of this House, that the sending out Admiral Keppel with a fleet of twenty sail of the line and four frigates, to encounter the Brest fleet, known for a certainty to consist of twenty-seven ships of the line, but most probably of thirty-two, and several frigates, was a measure which endangered the safety of these kingdoms."

The avowed object of this motion was to obtain a parliamentary censure on the first lord of the Admiralty for gross neglect, or wilful misconduct: and all the arguments made use of in the elaborate and eloquent declamation made by Mr. Fox upon this occasion, have been already stated in our last, being delivered by him in a more summary way, when he moved for the papers on Tuesday the 23d ult. In the course of his investigations in order to prove the inferiority of the British fleet, he put a number of interrogatories to Admiral Keppel, who rose in his place and gave answers in the same regular manner as a witness would do at the bar of a tribunal: this proceeding was thought by some members to be very irregular, but it met with no opposition, till Mr. Brett desired that the clerk of the House might be ordered to take down the questions and answers. This produced a warm debate on the point of order, foreign to the main question. At length, Mr. Brett having

framed a motion for the questions and answers to be taken down in writing; Lord North with his usual address got rid of it, by proposing these additional words, as an amendment—"no previous enquiry having been instituted," the absurdity of examining a member in a judicial mode, when no enquiry was before the House, now appeared, and on a division the amendment was carried by 208 votes against 169, and the motion so amended, as might well be expected, passed in the negative. The original debate then went on, and lasted till near two o'clock in the morning. The principal speakers on the part of administration were Lord North, Lord Mulgrave, the Attorney General, Col. Onslow, Sir Grey Cooper and Mr. Jenkinson. In support of Mr. Fox, Mr. T. Townshend, Mr. Burke, Lord Howe, Sir Edward Deering, Mr. Byng, Sir George Yonge, General Conway, and Sir George Saville. The motion was lost by a small majority of 34 votes, there being 204 against it, to 170 for it. No question on the conduct of administration was so near being carried as this, since the sitting of the present parliament. The defence made on the part of the Admiralty was delivered by Lord Mulgrave in a very long speech, the purport of which was to show, that the Admiralty had done right in sending out Admiral Keppel at first with a fleet of observation; that the French fleet was not then so formidable as his own; that the increase of the French fleet, probably arose from information of the additional strength of Admiral Keppel, being carried to Brest by two homeward bound French merchantmen, who passed the British fleet, when the two French frigates were taken; that as soon as it was known, the French had increased their force, Admiral Keppel was re-inforced with all possible expedition, and his fleet in the month of July made nearly if not equal to that of France.

What the Admiral himself thought of the matter, may be collected from the following abstract of his replies to Mr. Fox's questions.

He said he felt his situation extremely delicate; he was perfectly unconcerned in his honourable friend's questions, or views. He did not find himself at liberty to speak freely from his instructions; not a single sentence of them had he revealed from the moment that he had received them to the very moment that his flag was hauled down. His situation when he was sent out was far from being enviable, he had expected a large force, and found only six ships ready; and those when examined with a seaman's eye had afforded him little pleasure. When he met the French frigates he was at a loss how to behave, but having resolved to take them, from the behaviour of one of them, that had fired into the *America*, he had there discovered the very great disproportion between his fleet and that of Brest. Without council, without advice, without instructions, his own discretion was to be his only guide; his honour bid him keep his station; the safety of his country bid him return; there was no room to balance; his love for his country soon prevailed. His conduct in that instance had never been publicly approved; and he owned it would have been a comfort to him to have received the approbation of his sovereign; he returned to Portsmouth a melancholy man; and not a ray of comfort had ever since dispelled his gloom. And if ever he felt himself humbled in his life, it was at being obliged to turn his back on the enemy's coast; and unless he had friends in the council to protect him, he could not any more accept of a command, which should subject his life and honour to the disposal of men who were not his friends. If the superiority of the enemy had been only of two, three, or at most four ships, he would have trusted to the valour of his men; but thirty-two were too many; he might perhaps have been able to acquit himself with credit even against that number; but then the attempt was big with danger; and he thanked God, that however highly he prized the bravery of the British fleet, he had never yet been guilty of the folly of despising his enemy.

Monday, March 8.

The House having adjourned from Thursday the 4th, on account of the speaker's illness, who had been overcome by the fatigue of sitting upwards of nine hours in the chair, on the 3d; Mr. Fox now brought on nearly the same business in a different form, by proposing the following resolution:—

"That it appears to this House, that the fleets equipped and sent to sea on his majesty's service in the course of the last year, and particularly the fleet under the command of Admiral Keppel, were by no means adequate to the important services for which they were destined, nor to the enormous sums granted by parliament for the ordinaries and extraordinaries of the navy." The introductory speech to this motion contained nothing new; it consisted of general charges of neglect and misconduct levelled at administration collectively, and of direct accusations of criminality in the admiralty department. He drew a comparison between our naval expences in the last war and in the present, and fairly proved that more extensive operations had been carried on by sea in all parts of the globe during the last, at much less expence, and that our maritime force was superior; from this state of the case, he deduced inferences of misapplication of the publick money, and of notorious neglect on the part of the present first lord of the Admiralty.

Lord Mulgrave, as usual, undertook the justification of the first lord and his other colleagues at the admiralty board: he asserted, that the French marine at the beginning of most of our wars had been superior to ours, and had only been rendered inferior by the bravery of our officers and seamen. The same thing had happened in the present war, the French appeared to be superior at first, but in a short time our superiority had been manifested, not only in the number of ships, but by the exertion of British valour; our commerce by sea had been fully protected, and that of France almost ruined. He therefore thought it his duty to oppose the motion on the principles of justice, for it appeared to him that the Admiralty had done every thing in their power, to put the navy of Great Britain upon the most respectable footing, and to fit out fleets for the different services to

be provided for adequate to those services, and with all possible expedition.

Lord North supported him by general assertions in favour of every branch of administration, and was severe upon *Mr. Fox* for taking up the time of the House, and endeavouring to involve them in a second long debate on the same motion new modelled, especially after the decisive negative that had been put upon it before.

Lord Howe denied the truth of what both the noble lords had advanced, so far as respected himself, and declared that he was left with a force inadequate to the command conferred on him, and without instructions, though he had frequently applied to the Admiralty for re-inforcement, and to the secretary of state for the colonies for instructions; in his opinion therefore neither of these branches of administration had done their duty.

Admiral Keppel also persisted in his former declarations concerning the insufficiency of his fleet, and he ascribed the protection of our commerce to accidental circumstances in his own favour, and not to any forecast or proper regulations of the Admiralty board.

Mr. Burke, Mr. Temple Luttrell, Mr. George Grenville, and Sir Horatio Mann spoke in favour of the motion, which however was rejected upon a division near one o'clock in the morning, by 46 votes against 174.

Tuesday, March 9.

Sir Herbert Mackworth, on the strength of a petition signed by a great number of insolvent debtors, in the several prisons of the kingdom, calling themselves able bodied men, and of others ready to find substitutes; moved for leave to bring in a bill to discharge prisoners for debt, who were willing to enter into the army or the navy, or find substitutes. After a short debate, in which the objections to the motion turned chiefly upon the bad consequences of too frequent acts of insolvency to commercial credit, a negative was put upon the motion by a very great majority, without any division.

Sir Roger Newdigate, in a committee of the whole House on the annual militia bill, proposed a clause for restricting the power of the deputy lieutenants of counties, and the colonels of regiments to refuse and send back men

who had been elected by ballot, to serve as militia men; as it had occasioned many abuses, and was very oppressive to the poor in villages and small country towns. A debate took place of an uninteresting nature, in which *Lord Beauchamp* and *Lord Cranbourne* in opposition, called upon the proposer and his friends to produce to the House instances of the abuses, and of regular complaints made of them to the magistrates, or to the lieutenants of counties, and as this could not be done, the clause upon a division was rejected by 34 votes against 17.

Wednesday, March 10.

Sir Henry Houghton moved, that a committee of the whole House should be appointed to take into consideration the hardships which Protestant dissenting ministers and teachers laboured under from the penal statutes remaining in force against them, particularly the five mile act, and the act obliging all persons keeping schools to subscribe to the articles of the church of England; and to grant them relief by repealing these acts, and he gave notice that if the House consented to go into a committee upon the business, he should move for leave to bring in a bill for that purpose. He very justly observed, that after the House with a noble spirit of liberality had given relief to the Roman Catholick subjects, it seemed consistent with the same spirit of moderation and equity, to relieve a great body of his majesty's loyal Protestant subjects from laws which had been enacted under particular national circumstances, to answer a temporary exigence. *Sir Henry Houghton* was seconded and ably supported by *Mr. Frederick Montague, Mr. Wilkes*, who made an excellent speech upon this occasion, *Mr. T. Townshend*, and *Sir Adam Ferguson*. The two opposers of the motion were *Sir William Baggot* and *Sir Roger Newdigate*; these gentlemen, especially the former, stood forth the zealous champions of the Church of England, and sounded the alarm in the high church style of *Sacheverel*, of the numerous dangers to be apprehended from granting unbounded licence to all sectaries to preach and teach their erroneous and pernicious doctrines. They asserted, that under the cloak of being dissenters, Atheists, Deists, and men professing the most absurd and irrational

rational systems of religion would propagate their wild notions throughout the land, to the subversion of the religion established by law. But the question being put was carried almost unanimously, and the House immediately went into a committee, when Sir Henry Houghton moved for, and obtained leave to bring in a bill for the relief of Protestant dissenting ministers and teachers.

The House being resumed, Lord Newhaven moved for a committee to be appointed to take into consideration such of the trade laws respecting Ireland as prohibit the direct importation of sugars from our West India settlements to that kingdom: the intension of this motion was to repeal that clause in the navigation act, which obliges all ships laden with sugars to bring their cargoes to some port of England, from whence they are to be re-exported to Ireland. The distresses of Ireland, and the necessity of granting relief to that kingdom, by opening many channels of commerce, at present shut by prohibitory laws in favour of Great Britain, having been urged with great warmth by some gentlemen, it was apprehended by others, that granting one point would be opening the door to applications for many others, to the great prejudice of the trade of England; on this principle the motion met with great opposition, principally from the representatives of the manufacturing towns and counties, and the capital seaports: and though after a long debate the motion was carried by a majority of five, there being 47 votes for the committee to 42 against it; the question was lost in the committee. From this time different efforts were made by Earl Nugent and Lord Newhaven to obtain repeals of other laws, in order to favour the trade of Ireland, but hitherto without effect, and petitions were sent up from Manchester and other manufacturing towns to prevent it. We mention this, to prevent resuming the subject hereafter, as the business of this session has been so important and of such magnitude, that it would require volumes to enter into a detail of the various subjects debated. Mr. Cruger, Governor Pownall, Sir James Lowther, Sir George Yonge, and Mr. Vaughan were the principal speakers in opposition to the Irish business.

Friday, March 12.

Colonel Barré moved, that the commissioners of the excise be ordered to lay before the House an account of the nett produce of the excise from the 5th day of January 1778, to the 5th of July following, and from that time to the 5th of January last, which papers were accordingly ordered.

Sir Joseph Mawbey having duly considered the letter and spirit of an act of the 6th of Queen Anne, which prohibits all persons holding offices to be created after the date of that act, from being members of the House of Commons, produced the following motion for the concurrence of the House:

"That the Right Honourable George Germaine, commonly called Lord George Germaine, having since the commencement of the present parliament accepted the office of secretary of state for the colonies, in addition to the offices of the two secretaries of state for the northern and southern departments, was and is disqualified from sitting in this House by the act of the 6th of Queen Anne."

The whole debate turned upon the single question. Is the secretary of state for the colonies a new office? A great display of historical knowledge was made by Sir Joseph Mawbey and the two Mr. Luttrells in support of the motion, with an intention to prove by historical deductions, that till the time of Henry VIII. there had been but one secretary of state, and from that period to the present but two, viz. one for the affairs of the northern, and the other for those of the southern countries of Europe; and that Lord George Germaine's office consequently was a new creation long since the date of the said act, and falling within the description thereof.

Lord George Germaine, after declaring upon his honour that if he considered it as a new office he would not have accepted it, or would have resigned his seat in parliament, withdrew.

Mr. Thomas De Grey, junior, lordship's secretary, then gave the House the full information upon the contest, point from authentick records; what fell from him seemed to create conviction to almost the whole House. He agreed with Sir Joseph Mawbey that there had been but one secretary

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 till the reign of Henry the Eighth,
 but quoted several instances of three
 and four at later periods; particularly
 in the last reign, when the two prin-
 cipal secretaries of state for the northern
 and southern departments were abroad
 with the king, and two others were ap-
 pointed *pro tempore* to transact the bu-
 siness at home with foreign courts and
 the foreign ministers. He denied that
 Lord George Germaine had any new
 powers in his commission, and insisted
 that the king had the prerogative to
 execute the office of secretary of state
 by as many persons as he thought pro-
 per. When the office of paymaster of
 the forces was held by two persons,
 did any one pretend to assert that one
 of them held a new-created place, and
 was disqualified from sitting in par-
 liament? The same thing had happen-
 ed in the post-office department, yet
 such a motion was never dreamt of.
 In a word, Lord George Germaine,
 though his commission mentions the
 American department, because on ac-
 count of the increase of the publick
 business it was thought proper to have
 a third secretary of state, is not con-
 fined to the affairs of the colonies, in
 the absence or illness of either or both
 the other secretaries of state, he does
 the business of their offices.
 It was, therefore, only the appoint-
 ment of three persons instead of one to
 perform the increased duties of the of-
 fice of principal secretary of state. He
 then demonstrated the utility of having
 a secretary of state in that house; publick
 business being facilitated by the infor-
 mation readily given by him to the House.
 Lord North said a few words, as a
 further confirmation that the office held
 by Lord George Germaine, and by
 Lord Hillsborough before him, is by
 no means a new one; and the question
 being about to be put, the gallery was
 cleared, when Sir Joseph Mawbey made
 a reply, and a division ensued; but
 in all, only one member went out;
 it was Mr. James Luttrell, who
 stood single against 245. Sir Joseph
 Mawbey and Mr. Temple Luttrell
 being appointed tellers, could not leave
 the House.
 The order of the day being read for
 bringing into a committee on the bill for
 excluding contractors from seats in the
 House, the speaker moved to leave the
 chair, but he was kept in it by a long
 debate.

Mr. Onslow opened it, against the
 speaker's leaving the chair, or any fur-
 ther progress being made in the bill.
 He was persuaded the honourable mem-
 ber who brought it in, meant it for the
 good of his country; but in his opinion
 it would produce worse evils than those
 it intended to remedy. It would force
 the minister to put up all contracts
 to publick auction: disappointments,
 frauds, and failures would be the con-
 sequence. And in parliament, instead
 of respectable merchants, instead of the
 fair contractors with government, you
 would have their substitutes, and the
 very name of proxies he detested. Be-
 sides, he thought it an encroachment
 on the privileges of the electors, that
 the House should determine they should
 not chuse merchants or men in trade to
 represent them, because possibly they
 might sell their merchandise to govern-
 ment. This would be an alarming
 innovation.

Mr. Henry Goodrick dwelt very long
 upon the same arguments; and Sir
 George Wombwell defended the system
 of making contracts with men of high
 rank and large property, in preference
 to others. He thought the bill pro-
 ceeded on illiberal ideas, and if it pas-
 sed, he should expect to see the House
 thinned; for no persons serving the
 king in any capacity would be allowed
 to sit, if these innovations took place.

Sir William Wake, on the other side,
 thanked the framer of the bill for his
 steady perseverance in so good a cause.
 He said, there were merchants enough
 out of the House, and the bill did not
 preclude the ministry from contracting
 with them; but he could not help be-
 ing of opinion, that the temptation of
 a profitable contract of 20 or 30,000*l.*
 was too much, and might influence
 men to vote contrary to their real sen-
 timents and to the interest of their
 country.

Sir Thomas Frankland said, it was
 well known that profit and loss was the
 merchant's God and Devil; and if gain
 had an influence out of the House with
 men in trade, why not within it? He
 told a droll story of a man addressing a
 letter to him. He thought he was mis-
 taken; but upon seeing him, he said,
 No, sir, I find you have great parlia-
 mentary Interest, and I wish you would
 get me into parliament. And pray,
 said Sir Thomas, what are you? A corn-
 factor.

factor.—And I suppose when in parliament you would get a good contract.—I should be obliged to you, sir. He told him he would have nothing to do with him; and afterwards he went down into Yorkshire to oppose some of the Yorkshire members, and for this he got two valuable contracts.

Mr. James Luttrell said, he hoped he should not be single in a division upon this business, as he had been upon the last; but he should never be ashamed of standing alone in a good cause: For his own part, he saw a dangerous ministerial influence arising from contractors being members of parliament, and thought it strictly constitutional to oppose it.

Mr. Fox rose chiefly to observe on Sir George Wombwell's remark, that it was a personal attack on those who now hold contracts: For his part he did not see it in that light; but if the gentlemen in that situation present considered it as such, they should have retired as Lord George Germaine had done on the former question respecting him.

He maintained, that if the new-created office was not within the spirit of the act of Queen Anne, the contractors were; for persons holding great emoluments from government were within the clause. He then stated with great humour the mutual compliance between contractors and the minister. Says the contractor to the minister, "I voted against my senses t'other night, that we had more than six ships ready for sea, after we had been told that we had forty-two. I voted that the French fleet did not consist of thirty-two ships of the line, when Admiral Keppel had but twenty, yet the fact lay upon your table. Therefore you must not quarrel with me for twopence a gallon on rum, or a farthing on a loaf of bread."

And says the minister to another, "you know I gave you an advantageous contract, worth to you 20,000l. therefore I must have a sure vote in you." Here is the worst of all ties, a double influence, which this bill is intended to destroy.

Upon a division there were 165 against the speaker's leaving the chair, to 124 for going into the committee. Lord North afterwards moved to put off the further consideration of the bill to that

day four months, which passed without a division.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Monday, March 15.

The important examination into the management of Greenwich hospital is the only business on which any debates, worthy the attention of the people in general, happened from the beginning of the month of March to Friday the 11th. On that day, the Duke of Richmond opened the subject in an elaborate introductory speech, stating the excellence of the original institution, and calling upon the House to consider every enquiry into the management of such a noble, national charity as an object of such magnitude that it merited their best attention. He then took an enlarged view of the mode of conducting the affairs of this hospital in former times, and drawing a line of distinction between that conduct, and the measures pursued since the present first Lord of the Admiralty, in virtue of his office, has had the direction of them, he from thence deduced the expediency of the present enquiry, in order to know if the many heavy complaints laid before him as one of the governors of the hospital are well founded. His Grace observed, that he did not wish to appear in the light of an accuser, but in that of a man who had the true interest of the hospital at heart, and who wished to see it conducted conformably to the design of its institution. He had heard of sufficient misconduct to justify an examination, but he was so far from having any personal knowledge of the facts complained of, that till he had read Captain Baillie's printed case, he did not know that himself and every peer of the realm are by the charter hereditary governors of the hospital.

His Grace then entered into the several matters of complaint, and the direct charges of mismanagement, all which we shall reduce to a concise summary. The principal charge is, that a new charter was made, and granted by the crown in 1775, in which some things were inserted, not in the old commission, under which the hospital had been till then governed, and others omitted that were in that commission so as to make very material alterations

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in the government of the hospital, contrary to the original design of its institution.

The new charter, had taken the power of electing persons as fit objects of the charity, out of the hands of the whole body of the governors, consisting of the House of Lords, the judges, flag officers, and a number of other publick personages, and had vested it in a board of directors, thereby confining this great right to a few individuals, to the detriment of the charity. A latitude of discretionary power in the disposal of the revenues of the hospital is likewise given by the new charter to the board of directors; a clause in the old commission being omitted, which confined the application of the monies belonging to the hospital, solely to the charitable uses for which it was granted.—By the new charter the board of directors have likewise the very dangerous and extensive power to dispose of or alienate any part of the estates granted to and settled on the hospital. The complaints of a general nature did not seem to touch Lord Sandwich, but the following charges were intended to point out manifest partiality and misconduct on the part of that noble lord.

One Mellish, a butcher, the contractor with the Admiralty board for serving the hospital with meat, who had been convicted of various frauds, such as defective weight, and supplying meat greatly inferior to the quality specified in his contract, particularly bull instead of ox beef, was, notwithstanding

ing his conviction in a court of justice, continued in his employment, the contract was renewed with him by the Admiralty board, and the fines he was adjudged to pay amounting to 1000l. were compromised for 100l.

Persons who are not seamen have been admitted into the hospital, contrary to an express prohibition in the charter. His Grace understood that the council for the domestick management of the house, consisting of twenty-five persons, had admitted five persons to be members of the council, who had never been at sea, by which two interests or factions had been set up within the house, the civil and the naval. Frauds had likewise been discovered in the contracts for the linen, shoes, stockings, and small beer, all complaints of this sort had been properly laid before the Admiralty by Captain Baillie, who instead of being rewarded by Lord Sandwich for his activity, zeal, and integrity, had been dismissed from his office of lieutenant-governor of the hospital, which office he had filled with great reputation to himself, and great advantage to the hospital, upwards of seventeen years.

Upon these grounds, the duke proposed that the House should resolve itself into a committee, and examine witnesses as to all the distinct facts he had mentioned; and accordingly on this, and several subsequent days, the committee continued the examination of several witnesses, the result of whose evidence, and of the whole enquiry, not yet finished, shall be given in our next.

NATURE HER OWN SURGEON.

A curious Case of a Compound Fracture, related by Dr. Hunter at his Lectures. Selected from Clare's Essay on the Cure of Abscesses, &c. See our Review for last Month, page 134.

SPEAKING of the nature and cure of simple and compound fractures, Dr. Hunter observed, in his lectures, that, in treating the compound, many surgeons did mischief, and irritated the wound, by their officious and artificial manner of dressing it. Instead of that practice, he recommended treating the compound, as much as possible, in the same way as the simple fracture: and in confirmation of that practice, used to relate the following singular case, LOND. MAG. April 1779.

which was always heard with great attention, because the instruction was conveyed in the way of pleasantry.

“A maniacal patient, Mr. G—, who was confined in the Infirmary at Edinburgh, (he says it was about thirty years ago) seeming to have recovered a calm and rational state of mind, was allowed to take an airing in the garden by himself. Here he took the resolution of making his escape; and got over the garden wall. In dropping

ping himself from the wall, which was very high, he pulled a large cape-stone along with him, and suffered a very bad compound fracture in his leg. He was carried round, and lodged again in the Infirmary, in this unhappy condition; and the surgeon, who was presently brought to him, set the leg, dressed the wound, applied the eighteen-tailed bandage, &c. in the usual way. After all this, the patient appearing to be very calm, the surgeon gave some proper directions, went away, and the patient was left alone to get some rest, which was thought proper, and seemed to be his own desire. His madness now took a singularly whimsical turn: he knew very well that he had got a miserably broken leg; but his crazy imagination made him believe, that the surgeon had mistaken the leg, had bestowed all his cunning upon the sound leg; which required no attention, and had left the shattered limb to shift for itself. Under this firm persuasion, convinced that his surgeon was too ignorant to perceive his blunder, too conceited to be set right, and too proud to suffer such humiliation, he thought it would be most prudent, in his present state of subjection, for the cure of his broken leg, to make the best use he could of the judgement and dexterity which God had given him. He removed the whole apparatus from the broken leg, with great attention, that he might be able to apply it to the other leg, so exactly in the same manner, that the surgeon should not be able to discover the alteration; and, lest any suspicion should arise, and lead to an inquiry and discovery, he thought he should be still more secure by secreting or hiding the other leg, that it might not be found, and appear in evidence against him. He therefore tore a large hole in the sheet and featherbed, and buried the wounded leg among the feathers.

Next day, when the surgeon visited him, he said, that for a while he had been in pain, but that by a fortunate and accidental motion of the foot, the pain went off, as by a charm; that he had continued perfectly easy ever since; and therefore was resolved to keep it as steadily as possible in the same situation. The surgeon finding him easy, the pulse quiet, and no symptom whatever of fever, went to the foot of the bed,

and lifting up the clothes, said, Let us just see how the foot and leg look. The patient seemed much alarmed with the proposal, and entreated him, for mercy's sake, to desist; because, he said, the least motion in the world would disturb it, and bring all his pains back again. The surgeon assured him that the bed-clothes touched nothing but the cradle, and that the lifting them up could not in the least move either the leg or foot; and then, observing to the students that the appearance of the foot was as favourable as he could wish, he expressed his satisfaction, and went away. Every day's visit, after this, turned out equally satisfactory, both to the surgeon and patient, till the fifth or sixth day, when the surgeon grew very anxious to see the wound, lest any lurking mischief should be concealed, and was determined to remove the dressings. This the patient resisted, first with prayers, and then with imprecations and rage; but at last he was obliged to submit. The surgeon, with a cautious and tender hand, removed the bandages, and, as he went on, expressed the pleasure which he felt on seeing the skin, both above and below the wound, in so natural a condition. At length he lifted up the dressings, which he found were quite loose, and, seeing a leg now perfectly sound, which, a few days before, he had seen in such a lamentable state, you can better conceive than I can tell how he looked. After a short pause, he passed his fingers along the tibia, and then said, I only know that a fracture and wound there certainly was, and now there is certainly neither. Presently he recovered himself enough to recollect that it was the other leg which he had set and dressed; and said, Where is the other leg? turning off the bed-clothes at the same time. Lunatics are quick in resources, not easily put out of countenance, and imagine that nobody can doubt what they assert. Mr. G——, sensible now that the leg would be discovered, drew it out from among the feathers, saying, with great expression of resentment and rage, that he would now expose the surgeon's ignorance to the whole world; that he always knew surgeons to be a set of ignorant fellows, though they wore large wigs; and now he would prove it, by a shocking

shocking instance, to the satisfaction of all present. This leg, said he, holding out the broken leg, with a great cake of blood and feathers crusted over and round the wound, this leg, thank God! is as sound as any man's:—there, pointing to the other, is the broken leg—ye see what a desperate condition it is in;—and that fellow, being called, did nothing for it:—he was called to set a broken leg; but he did not know a broken leg, and bound up this. After venting some more of his indignation and rage in sarcastick and coarse language, he begged that some of the young surgeons would bind up his broken leg again (meaning the sound one) for that it was in great pain, was much disturbed with this impertinent examination, and, if not taken care of, would make him a

miserable object, at best a cripple for life. The surgeon seeing his patient's imagination so strongly perverted, and being convinced by the agitation which that misapprehension had raised, that it would be, upon the whole, safer to indulge him in his wild conceit, with humanity as well as good sense, desired the young men to humour him, by putting the *apparatus* on the sound leg. From that time he was calm, and, in all other things, reasonable. The cure went on with perfect success;—the scab of feathers at last dropped off;—the wound was then found to be healed, and the callus completed: A memorable lesson for surgeons, and a striking instance of the weakness of human reason, of the imperfection of our boasted art, and of the power of nature!"

A Sentimental Conversation in the New Paradise Lost, or Shenstone-Green; between Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, his Daughter Matilda, and the Gardener. See our Review for last Month, page 134.

ABOUT six years ago I had retired into one of the most romantick parts of Cumberland, and was one day so tenderly inclined—men have their fits of benevolence—that every thing within contact was the better for me. It happened to be a day too, wherein many opportunities of being gracious presented themselves. Destiny seemed to take advantage of it by a care to supply me with objects. It is worth your while to mark how my feelings were exercised. The old cat brought into the world nine young; and I saw eight of them basketted for death. Savage, cried I, to the servant, carry back the poor things to their mother! and instead of straw let them be wrapped up in cotton. Scarce was this relieve given to the offspring of one party, before that of another rose to view. I was one of his majesty's justices, and, it seems, the peace, which it was my office to guard, had been broken by a wench who had been so improvident to follow the impulses of nature before they were sanctified by law. Wretch, (said the constable who was dragging her before me) how dare you bring your burthens on this parish? Wretch (said I to the constable) what is that to thee? So I gently chid the mother, and kissed the child, for

she had concealed herself till that time, and was taken in the wicked act of giving it suck. This fired the feelings of the constable and softened mine. Let a chamber and a cradle be provided for this child, and give something comfortable to the mother, and pray carry some new milk to the cat with nine kittens: Shall I save a cat, and have no charity for a fellow-creature? These strokes so smoothed and prepared me for future events, that I was almost afraid to breathe out my joy, lest with that breath I should destroy the animal-cula which naturalists say are thereby murdered. I set my foot on the ground with caution, lest I should crush some honest insect that might be as well disposed as myself. My very legs ached when I perceived I was within an hair's breadth of exterminating an ant who was laden with food, which I could not but fancy was designed to a sick friend in the neighbouring hillock. As I pursued my walk along my garden, wishing the universe a thousand good lucks, I cast my eye astant a quick-set, and saw a linnet extending the maternal wing over her nest. Looking behind me, I beheld the gardener whetting his sheers. Hark ye friend, said I, in that hedge there is a family which I take upon me to protect, and therefore

therefore so far from your clipping off a twig — But, sir, it spoils the look of the whole garden, interrupted the gardener. I was so shocked at the fellows inhumanity, that my hand had, insensibly, got into my pocket to feel for the price of his discharge. Not choosing to be whimsical, I thought it best to go another way to work. I put half a crown into his hand, and told him I preferred the luxuriant branches of the natural hedge to the smuggest alteration he and his sheers could possibly make. This did not quite satisfy him. The man had got a habit of spoiling nature, and loved lopping away a beauty to his soul. My linnet seemed to suspect him. She had shifted about in her nest so as to command his whole person. I trembled for her. How is thy wife to-day, John? said I. As well as can be expected, sir, replied he, for a woman who looks to be brought to bed every hour; she has the head-ach too, and I am obliged to take off my shoes to go into her chamber. John, said I, you are a very honest fellow—give me your hand—let us walk and speak softly: there is a worthy female in your wife's situation, now in that hedge.

Is there, sir?—answered the gardener in a whisper, and collecting into his face all the lines of caution—hush—hush—hush—

He beckoned me exactly as he would have done had I rashly opened the door of his wife's chamber. The sensation was brought home.

There is no call for sheers at present, sir, said he, and the less we walk that way the better—hush—hush—hush.—

He now repeated his signal to keep silence, and went off on tip-toe till he gained the greensward.

Thus was my humour still more sweetened; I was so happy that I looked up to the sun, which shone on me, with emulation; with rivalry.

A little rhapsody escaped me—and, were it possible, my beam should be like thine! There is not a single object which some ray or other of my benevolence should not animate.

Taking my eyes from the heavens, and casting them to earth, I saw a cluster of pinks drooping for want of a support. Warmed as I then was, 'tis inconceivable with how much pleasure I placed them about a stick and tied them gently round it. As they stood erect in their new attitude there came from them an odour that seemed to thank me. It may be the fragrance of gratitude! Imagination chose to think it such. What amiable deception!

But I had just turned from the flowers when an insect which settled upon my left cheek stung me so sensibly that I raised up my arm, and spread my hand to flap it into annihilation. Bodily pain is a trying point. I took out a pocket-glass (which I happened to have about me) and viewed my enemy. The motion had alarmed him, and his tongue was taken out of my cheek. There are strange traits in my character. I represented him as having just risen from banquetting to his heart's content. The orifice he had made was not bigger than a small pin's head. The appearance was at worst that of a pimple—the pain was gone. It is but the harvest bump of an happy insect, said I.—It was too fine a day methought to banish any thing animate from the light, and I was in too good a temper to be vindictive.—

Get thee gone, fool, said I—shaking my head. Much good may it do thee. It buzzed thanks, and flew away.

At this crisis my daughter came running to tell me her canary had recovered, and she had just saved her brood of chicks from the kite.

Better and better still, Matilda, said I, let us go into the house. The heart was stirred.

ACCOUNT of a MAGINDANO and of a MOLUCCA MARRIAGE; from FORREST'S Voyage to NEW GUINEA.

NEXT evening being the 30th of December, 1775, came on the solemnity. A great company being assembled at the Sultan's, RAJAH MOONO put the question to the com-

pany, if it should be a marriage. He answered with a loud voice, in the affirmative. A priest then walked into the middle of the floor, to whom Datto Utu got up, and advanced. The priest

whom they called *Serif*, took him by the thumb of the right hand, and said to him certain words; which being explained to me, were to this purpose. The priest asked the bridegroom, if he consented to take such a person as his wife, and to live with her according to the law of Mahomet. The bridegroom returned an affirmative. The company then gave a loud shout, and immediately I heard guns go off at Chartow's castle, where I was told himself kept watch. The lady did not appear, and so had no questions to answer. In this they resemble the Chinese.

Neither Fakymolano, Topang, nor Uku, was present. Topang, no doubt, considered this as a mortal blow to all his hopes; and Fakymolano could not be supposed glad at an event, which to his widow daughter, and grandchild Fatima, must have been an addition to their late loss of Watamama. I had indeed observed, that, since the match was upon the carpet, Fakymolano did not visit at his son Rajah Moodo's so much as formerly.

About a week before this, having passed by Dato Utu's apartments, which were in the fort, and in the same moment where his father dwelt, I remarked that the large bed, china jars, chests, and so forth, were taken away. Fatima, as her portion, had sent all to her grandfather Fakymolano.

I sailed before the 10th day after their marriage, and so did not see the conclusion of it according to their custom. But some time before this, I had been present at the marriage of one of Rajah Moodo's daughters, to the son of an Illano prince.

A great company was convened at Rajah Moodo's, amongst which were the bride and bridegroom. The priest took the man by the right thumb, and, after putting to him the important question, the latter signified his assent by a small inclination of the head. The bridegroom then went and sat down by the young lady, who was seated towards the farther end of the hall, some young ladies her companions rising up at his approach, to

make room for him. The bride appeared discontented, and turned from him, while he kept turning towards her; both being seated on cushions laid on mats on the floor.

The company smiling at this, I thought it a good opportunity to fix my German flute, and play a tune, having asked Rajah Moodo's permission. The company expressed satisfaction; but the bride still looked averse to her lover, who was a handsome young man; and she continued so the whole evening. She looked indeed as I think a woman ought, whose consent is not asked in an affair of such moment. Next evening I found them drinking chocolate together, her looks seemed mending, but she did not smile.

On the tenth night, she was with apparent reluctance conducted, before all the company, by two women, from where she sat, towards a large bed in the same hall with the company, and was put within a triple row of curtains, two other women holding them up until she passed. The bridegroom following, passed also within the curtains. The curtain being dropped, the company set up a shouting and hollowing; and in about a quarter of an hour dispersed.

At the Moluccas, the marriage ceremony is thus: the woman, attended by some of her own sex, comes into the mosque, and sits down; then the *Imum*, or, if the parties are persons of rank, the *Calipha*, holding the man's right thumb, asks him if he will marry that woman, and live with her according to Mahomet's law. To this he answers, I will. Then the priest asks the woman still sitting, besides the like respective question, if she will obey. Three times must she answer I will.

The woman rising, the man and she pay their respects to the company present; the woman is then conducted home. But before she goes out of the mosque, the priest gives the husband the following admonition. You must not touch your wife with lance or knife; but if she does not obey you, take her into a chamber, and chastise her gently with a handkerchief.

A CORRECTION OF FOPS AND FLIRTS, IN RESPECT TO CONVERSATION.

TEDIOUSNESS and profling in conversation is an abominable practice, I allow; but no man ever dealt half so disagreeably in that figure of rhetoric, which, I think, Swift calls the *circumbendibus*, as the *Fops* and *Flirts* of the present age, now deal in the abrupt, snap-snap manner of abandoning a subject before three syllables have been said upon it; flying from one question to another, as if each had been started for the sake of quitting it immediately, or as if the very ghost of good sense was to be laid in all good company. Conversation was intended as a kind of traffick of mental commodities; but nobody now dare open their budget: And, lest nature should set some tongue a going, the puppies of the world have, from time to time, contrived to put a kind of gag in our mouths, by inventing certain terms calculated to turn every man to ridicule, who will venture to deliver his sentiments, or disclose his mind for the information or entertainment of the company. If you attempt to tell a story, one puppy puts his hand to his cheek, and cries Patch! implying, it seems, that the tale is old, and smells of Joe Miller; and, if you continue your narration a minute and a half, another puppy turns to the monkey next him, and whispers, "What a bore! or boar!" for I don't know how they spell their nonsense; (but take it which way you will); it is intended to convey an idea of tediousness, and to compare the speaker to a hog or gimlet: But sure, such wretches are themselves the greatest enemies to good company; mere dampers to the mind, wet blankets to the imagination, and extinguishers of good sense and good humour. A bold free spirit, it is true, will leap these fences, but it is hard, methinks, that a plain modest man should be stopped in the high road of conversation, and not suffered to go on without interruption.

I love humour and pleasantry, as well as the merriest man in the kingdom; but give me leave to inform these fine gentlemen, that it is a melancholy symptom, when they cannot bear the

serious pursuit of any subject for two minutes together. Humour itself, if good for any thing, is serious at the bottom; but what provokes me is, that these cuckows are as grave as stoicks, and hold it a kind of treason to laugh; for the old folly is revived, which almost begun to grow obsolete in our ancient comedies, of being gentleman-like and melancholy. Conversation being a kind of short extempore composition, all severe censure of what falls from us, prophaneness and indecency excepted, is ridiculous. Not only sense, but, for the sake of sense, even nonsense should be tolerated; for a man, who is always afraid of uttering what may be interpreted to be nonsense, will not give his understanding fair play; and he will often let the immediate occasion, that would have given grace and force to his observations, pass by. He will seem, like an awkward militia man, discharging his solitary blunderbuss, long after the rest of the corps; or, at best, supposing his words to have real weight and sterling value, they will come upon us untowardly, like distant thunder, which does not reach our ears, till long after the flash has taught us to expect it.

By attending and observing modern conversation, one would be tempted to imagine that it was one of the first principles of politeness to drive all sentiment and science out of society. Every thing relative to a man's peculiar concerns, in which he might suppose his friends and acquaintance to take some little interest, is deemed impertinent; and every thing relative to knowledge is deemed pedantick. Formerly the honest bottle forced some rational and spirited conversation, even from the most riotous company; but the milk-fops of our age keep themselves sober, till the cards or dice relieve them from the cruel necessity of endeavouring to amuse each other by conversation. In the mean time, to put a curb on the fancy, lest the little genius they have should grow restive and run away with them, they devise their miserable mechanical pieces of ridicule, as restraints on the freedom of



No more the Grecian Muse unrival'd reigns:
To Britain let the Nations homage pay;
She felt a HOMER's fire in MILTON's strains,
A PINDAR's rapture in the Lyre of GRAY.

Mr. Gray's Monument.



of society. I am rather an old fellow, perhaps somewhat peevish; and I confess it often puts me quite out of patience, when a man cries Patch! at one of my stories; I am almost provoked to give him a slap on the face; and when a puppy seems to measure my words with a stop watch, and, at the end of a few seconds cries Bore! I am almost ready to call him out and run him through the body for his rudeness and impertinence.

We have lost the noble art of antiquity, of writing elegant compositions in the form of dialogue. No wonder: For what dialogue can appear natural, when supposed to proceed from the mouths of men who will discourse on no subject, who preclude all pleasantries as vulgar, and supersede all knowledge as pedantick. As to sentiment, it might find as much quarter in a modern comedy from a modern critick, as from our puny establishers of the laws of conversation. The heart and the head are equally unconcerned, and to seem to know any thing, or feel any thing, are alike breaches of politeness. But surely, sir, all this is directly opposite to the warmth and plainness of our old national character. We were wont, like Shakspeare's Claudio, to speak home to the purpose. If a man's mind is full of ideas, why not let them run over, and water the barren understanding, or refresh the fruitful wits of the company? Besides that, a man himself scarce knows what stuff he has in his thoughts, till he has drawn them out into discourse, and often forms his own opinion according to the impression that his words seem to make on his hearers. Answers too are produced, frequently given with more shrewdness on the spot, than on further consideration; and truth, as well as wit, is struck out by collision. I don't mean to turn every society into a tinder-box, and to set argument and repartee, like flint and steel perpetually striking against each other; yet, if a spark is now and then lighted up, why should the officious hand of dullness be authorised, by supposed politeness, to extinguish it? Conversation is mentioned by Lord Bacon (as wise a man, as the wisest of our macaronies) among the chief benefits of friendship,

"making day-light in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts."

"Whoever, continues this great man, hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshalleth them more orderly, he seeth how they look when they are turned into words: Finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse, than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia, 'That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.' Neither is this fruit of friendship, of opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel; (they indeed are best) but even without that, a man learneth himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man had better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother."

"Conference, says Lord Coke also, is the life of study: Conference, says Lord Bacon again, makes a ready man, and, if he confer a little, he had need to have a present wit." In short, conversation is the great source of pleasure and information in society, and whoever contributes to dam it up, should be strenuously opposed by the rest of mankind. But, to suffer a by-word, a low cant term, to deprive us of the means of entertainment and intelligence, is the meanest pusillanimity, and sacrificing good sense at the shrine of folly and nonsense.

I must beg leave, therefore, by an index expurgatorius, to expunge *patch* and *bore* from the modern vocabulary; not merely on account of the barbarity of the terms, but for the evil tendency of the ridiculous something, or less than nothing, implied by them; for they are not only framed by blockheads, destitute of meaning in themselves, but calculated to kill the seeds of good sense and humanity in other people.

Description of the Monument erected to the Memory of Mr. Thomas Gray, in Westminster Abbey.

HAVING given an elegant head of Mr. Gray, and an account of his life and writings; with a character of him written by the Rev. Mr. Temple, in a letter to Mr. Boswell, who kindly communicated it; we beg leave to refer our readers to Vol. XLIV. for the year 1775, page 216, where it will be found; and we can only add upon this occasion, that it was suggested to us by a valuable correspondent, that a plate of the monument lately put up in the Abbey would render the tribute paid to the memory of this admired English poet in our work complete.

The design and masterly execution of this simple, yet elegant monument, does great honour to the genius of the celebrated artist, Mr. BACON. It con-

sists of a tablet of dark grey marble, about three feet high, and nearly the same breadth, on which is placed a beautiful figure of MELPOMENE, executed in white marble, supporting with one hand the bust of Mr. Gray, and with the other pointing to the regions of immortality to which his spirit has soared. On the pediment are sculptured the following lines.

No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns
To Britain let the nations homage pay,
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

This monument is placed in the Poet's Corner, next to that of Edmond Spenser, styled, in his time, the Prince of Poets,

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

Recollected by a late Event.

IN the reign of PHILIP II. a gentleman in a rencounter in the streets of Madrid at night, had the misfortune to kill his adversary, upon which he fled to a church porch as a sanctuary, till he could justify himself. Happening to lean against the door, he was surprised to find it open by its giving away, and still more so, when he perceived a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; and was dreadfully frightened on beholding a lady dressed in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. With a wild, frantick look she made up to him, and in a menacing tone of voice, asked him, what he did there? The poor gentleman, trembling at every joint, and imagining before she spoke that he had seen a spectre, freely confessed the truth, without reserve; upon which she addressed him in words to this effect. "Stranger thou art in my power, but fear me not, for I am a murderer as thou art, I am a lady of a noble family, a base perjured man ruined me, and then boasted his conquest over my weakness and credulity. I soon had him assassinated, but not content with that sacrifice to slighted love, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have now

plucked out his false heart from his body, and thus I use the heart of a traitor." So saying, she tore it asunder with both hands, and then trampled upon it with her feet.

From this story, well attested by the historians of Spain, and from the melancholy catastrophe that has happened in the course of this month in our own capital; we may deduce the following just conclusion, which should be attended to by the young and unguarded of both sexes:—The effects of violent, disappointed love, are not confined to any age or country, and the only way to avoid them is, for both sexes to consider more seriously the nature, extent, and expectations of a promise, it easily passes the lips, is as readily believed by the person whose mind is predisposed for deception, but neither repentance nor reflexion can recall it; perhaps it is recorded in heaven, and though human justice must punish on earth the perpetrators of horrid vengeance, we know not how much more severe may be the doom of him or her who destroys the peace of mind, and ruins the body if not the soul of the innocent unsuspecting lover, by promises, perjury, infidelity, or detestable coquetry.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. N^o. XIX.

Liscus proponit esse nonnullos quorum auctoritas apud plebem plurimum valeat, qui privati plus possint quam ipsi magistratus : hos seditiosâ atque improbâ oratione multitudinem deterrere. CÆSAR.

"Liscus discovered that there were some persons whose authority amongst the common people was great, and who in private stations could do more than magistrates themselves. That these by seditious and wicked discourse alarmed the multitude."

THAT government is absolutely necessary for the preservation and happiness of society, has I believe never been controverted even by the wildest and most turbulent political visionaries. To be in a constant state of uncertainty and fluctuation, as to every thing around us, is what no individuals whose understandings are sound would choose. But when such a state is considered as belonging to an aggregate of numbers, confusion and destruction of all that is valuable are proportionally augmented, and if we think justly we shrink with horror from its contemplation.

That there should be many varieties in the forms of government in different countries, is not wonderful, when we reflect on the varieties of the human mind in every other respect. And that changes in the forms of government in nations should sometimes happen, is easily accounted for by the restlessness of mankind, who are seldom easy for any length of time; so far short does actual satisfaction come of what is ideal. We wish to try something different from what we experience at the time, and, like one upon a bed of sickness flatter ourselves that mere change of posture will give us some relief. In the worthy and humane Mr. Hanway's seventh letter to Sir Charles Bunbury, upon the improvement of the imprisonment of criminals, there is this striking remark, which though it cannot be new, is from one, who has travelled and thought as much as he has done, of more weight than common: "I have lived under many kinds of government, and seen and felt various kinds of misery; and have learnt that misery is the lot of man. It is the degree of it against which we are to guard."

Men of vigorous fancies which soar above the experience of life; or men

of fretful tempers impatient of control, have in every age set themselves forward, under the specious denomination of *friends to liberty*. Sometimes they have chosen to call themselves *lovers of liberty*, and this last title I think the best for them. Because, in my opinion, as we read of those who were "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," these will be found to be lovers of liberty more than lovers of government. The love of pleasure is not inconsistent with the love of God; nor the love of liberty with the love of government. But excess in either case of what ought to be subordinate will be reprobated by the sound divine and the rational politician.

For my own part, after having read a good deal, and observed more; after having, in the heat of youth, glowed with the animation of resistance, to enjoy which we are too ready to imagine grievances, and entertain apprehensions of oppression by those who rule over us, as Don Quixote fancied foes for the pleasure of combating them, I feel myself more and more convinced of the excellence of monarchy, limited and tempered as it is in our fortunate constitution.

If we would judge liberally of one another, we must make a due allowance for the effect of association of ideas. A Tory is apt to look upon a Whig as a vulgar ruffian; and a Whig to look upon a Tory as a genteel slave. Yet Whigs have possessed the spirit of ancient Romans; and Tories have with noble firmness opposed unreasonable encroachments by the crown, to support the just rights of which, their lives were devoted.

Let us with candour and good humour reason together; and may I hope that if this paper shall fall into the hands of a Whig, he will not tear it in pieces, or throw it into the fire, till he

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Description of the Monument erected to the Memory of Mr. Thomas Gray, in Westminster Abbey.

HAVING given an elegant head of Mr. Gray, and an account of his life and writings; with a character of him written by the Rev. Mr. Temple, in a letter to Mr. Boswell, who kindly communicated it; we beg leave to refer our readers to Vol. XLIV. for the year 1775, page 216, where it will be found; and we can only add upon this occasion, that it was suggested to us by a valuable correspondent, that a plate of the monument lately put up in the Abbey would render the tribute paid to the memory of this admired English poet in our work complete.

The design and masterly execution of this simple, yet elegant monument, does great honour to the genius of the celebrated artist, Mr. BACON. It con-

sists of a tablet of dark grey marble, about three feet high, and nearly the same breadth, on which is placed a beautiful figure of MELPOMENE, executed in white marble, supporting with one hand the bust of Mr. Gray, and with the other pointing to the regions of immortality to which his spirit has soared. On the pediment are sculptured the following lines.

No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns
To Britain let the nations homage pay,
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

This monument is placed in the Poet's Corner, next to that of Edmond Spenser, styled, in his time, the Prince of Poets.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

Recollected by a late Event.

IN the reign of PHILIP II. a gentleman in a rencounter in the streets of Madrid at night, had the misfortune to kill his adversary, upon which he fled to a church porch as a sanctuary till he could justify himself. Happening to lean against the door, he was surprised to find it open by its giving away, and still more so, when he perceived a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; and was dreadfully frightened on beholding a lady dressed in white, who ascended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. With a wild, frantick look she made up to him, and in a menacing tone of voice, asked him, what he did there? The poor gentleman, trembling at every joint, and imagining before she spoke that he had seen a spectre, freely confessed the truth, without reserve;—upon which she addressed him in words to this effect. “Stranger thou art in my power, but fear me not, for I am a murderer as thou art, I am a lady of a noble family, a base perjured man ruined me, and then boasted his conquest over my weakness and credulity. I soon had him assassinated, but not content with that sacrifice to slighted love, I have bribed the sexton to let me enter his grave, and have now

plucked out his false heart from his body, and thus I use the heart of a traitor.” So saying, she tore it asunder with both hands, and then trampled upon it with her feet.

From this story, well attested by the historians of Spain, and from the melancholy catastrophe that has happened in the course of this month in our own capital; we may deduce the following just conclusion, which should be attended to by the young and unguarded of both sexes:—The effects of violent, disappointed love, are not confined to any age or country, and the only way to avoid them is, for both sexes to consider more seriously the nature, extent, and expectations of a promise, it easily passes the lips, is as readily believed by the person whose mind is predisposed for deception, but neither repentance nor reflexion can recall it; perhaps it is recorded in heaven, and though human justice must punish on earth the perpetrators of horrid vengeance, we know not how much more severe may be the doom of him or her who destroys the peace of mind, and ruins the body if not the soul of an innocent unsuspecting lover, by promises, perjury, infidelity, or detestable coquetry.

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK. N^o. XIX.

Liscus proponit esse nonnullos quorum auctoritas apud plebem plurimum valeat, qui privati plus possint quam ipsi magistratus: hos seditiosâ atque improbâ oratione multitudinem deterrere.
CÆSAR.

"Liscus discovered that there were some persons whose authority amongst the common people was great, and who in private stations could do more than magistrates themselves. That these by seditious and wicked discourse alarmed the multitude."

THAT government is absolutely necessary for the preservation and happiness of society, has I believe never been controverted even by the wildest and most turbulent political visionaries. To be in a constant state of uncertainty and fluctuation, as to every thing around us, is what no individuals whose understandings are sound would choose. But when such a state is considered as belonging to an aggregate of numbers, confusion and destruction of all that is valuable are proportionally augmented, and if we think justly we shrink with horror from its contemplation.

That there should be many varieties in the forms of government in different countries, is not wonderful, when we reflect on the varieties of the human mind in every other respect. And that changes in the forms of government in nations should sometimes happen, is easily accounted for by the restlessness of mankind, who are seldom easy for any length of time; so far short does actual satisfaction come of what is ideal. We wish to try something different from what we experience at the time, and, like one upon a bed of sickness flatter ourselves that mere change of posture will give us some relief. In the worthy and humane Mr. Hanway's seventh letter to Sir Charles Bunbury, upon the improvement of the imprisonment of criminals, there is this striking remark, which though it cannot be new, is from one, who has travelled and thought as much as he has done, of more weight than common: "I have lived under many kinds of government, and seen and felt various kinds of misery; and have learnt that misery is the lot of man. It is the degree of it against which we are to guard."

Men of vigorous fancies which soar above the experience of life; or men
LOND. MAG. April 1779.

of fretful tempers impatient of control, have in every age set themselves forward, under the specious denomination of *friends to liberty*. Sometimes they have chosen to call themselves *lovers of liberty*, and this last title I think the best for them. Because, in my opinion, as we read of those who were "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of GOD," these will be found to be lovers of liberty more than lovers of government. The love of pleasure is not inconsistent with the love of GOD; nor the love of liberty with the love of government. But excess in either case of what ought to be subordinate will be reprobated by the sound divine and the rational politician.

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Let us with candour and good humour reason together; and may I hope that if this paper shall fall into the hands of a Whig, he will not tear it in pieces, or throw it into the fire, till he

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has read it; and perhaps not even then.

It was well said by one of the ancients to a declaimer for republicanism. "Try it in your own family." That is a home argument if I may use the expression, which "makes Tories of us all." And I beg that my readers may cast their thoughts around amongst their acquaintance, and see if any Whig wishes to see the beautiful Utopian expansion of power within his own walls. A family to live in order and satisfaction must have a head to whose determination there is an ultimate appeal. Every nation is a large family composed of small families, as a small family is of individuals; and one supreme power is as necessary for the good of the greater society, as for the good of the lesser.

The antiquated treatise of Sir Robert Filmer has fallen into too much contempt, from the shock which the sovereignty of this country received by that great change, which is justified by necessity. His zeal for kingly government was indeed extreme, so as to expose him to some degree of ridicule; but surely not to such virulent resentment as bursts from a hot-headed Whig in Doddsley's Collection, who consigns the honest knight to damnation.

"Bow, Filmer, bow to Hell's infernal throne
"And bid thy fellow damn'd confess each
"groan."

Filmer certainly meant well. He wrote from his conscience; and there is in his book more learning than men even of good education commonly have. But he seems to have been so superstitiously addicted to monarchy, as to make no allowance whatever for necessity of change. His illustration of his favourite system by that of patriarchal authority is well delineated. But it would have been as well without the particularity of Judaism. Had he taken a family, or tribe in general, as the prototype, it would have been better. The figure which he draws would have disgusted fewer persons, had it been without the Hebrew beard.

As to the *Jus Divinum*, "the divine right," the error I think is in assuming as a reality what is only an illustration. That the government of the universe itself is monarchical is no doubt a magnificent example to all na-

tions; and there can be no doubt that a perfectly wise and virtuous king with unlimited power would make the best government. But as kings themselves are not exempted from the passions and infirmities of human nature, it becomes requisite that they should have the aid of other minds, and the checks of other powers to be exercised occasionally.

Let mankind devise in speculation, and even actually constitute any popular form of government that they please, we find that in all times of difficulty and danger, that which the Romans avowedly did when they chose a dictator never fails to take place when the society is resolved to do its best. The general power is concentrated in one man. We know in our own time that the Corsicans, a small nation, whose eminent though ineffectual struggles for freedom have made them renowned amongst the European states; we know that in that nation where liberty was adored, the supreme power was in fact exercised by their general; and while they threw off a foreign yoke, they submitted with willing confidence to decisive government at home.

Subordination is in my mind not only necessary for order, but conducive to the felicity of society. I consider society like a grand musical composition, in which there must be a wide compass and gradation of notes to produce pleasure. The equality of men, for which some have argued, would be a dull monotony, a wearisome repetition of the same notes, varied only by the sharps and flats of natural temper and dispositions. Whereas in a monarchy with all the gradations of nobility, gentry, citizens, in short, all the numerous ranks of society, there is a delightful entertainment, while infinite changes of melody and harmony are continually perceived, and what the pleasure of hope may be freely indulged in the possibilities of rising to wealth, splendour, and honours. In a republic, men grow selfishly lazy in the consciousness of their independency. Whereas in a monarchy there is a reciprocation of active benevolence from the highest to the lowest. The great have the pleasure of humane condescension and respect, their inferiors have the pleasure of receiving kindness and exerting gratitude.

That implicit trust should be reposed

in a monarch I certainly do not maintain. The superior excellence of the British constitution is, that our monarch is for ever reminded that there are other guardians of it. But although I am sensible that our monarchy cannot be without error like the divine government, I confess that I cannot approve an unceasing violence of opposition producing a conflict resembling the Marichean system of two divine powers, one good and the other evil. Let there be centinels upon the constitution. But let them do their duty with manly vigilance, not with miserable jealousy.

As all kings will be generally inclined to do what is for the good of those over whom they reign, because it is their own interest that their subjects should prosper, I wish that a reverence for majesty were more generally cultivated. For we must all feel the bad consequences of that abatement of reverence for authority which is now so prevalent, that a great observer of mankind said lately, I fear with much truth, that "No man has now the same power that he once had, except a gaoler." Governed we must be; and it is doubtless more agreeable to be governed by authority than by force, by a father whom we love and venerate, than by a master whom we only fear.

There is, I am sorry to say, an almost total extinction of one noble principle, which in the last age was to be found amongst all but men lost to decency and virtue. I mean the principle of *loyalty*. However old fashioned this principle may be at present, it is a worthy principle in whatever view it is regarded. But even at court, though I see much external *obeisance*, I do not find congenial sentiments to warm my heart; and except when I have the conversation of a very few select friends, I am never so well, as when I sit down to a dish of coffee in the Cocoa-Tree sacred of old to loyalty, look around me to men of ancient families, and please myself with the consolatory thought that there is perhaps more good in the nation than I know.

As a specimen of the principles of the last age, I shall quote some lines

by Mr. *Edward Ravenscroft* in a prologue prefixed to his alteration of *Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus*.

"Leave your provoking Cæsar and his frowns, [crowns.
Leave crossing birthrights and disposing
Leave England's ancient glory so to wrong,
As naming princes with irreverent tongue:
Though foreigners and enemies they be,
Forget not what is due to majesty.
Whilst brutishly those titles we prophane
The world does think we are turn'd Picts
again.

Consider well and then you'll be, I hope,
So civilis'd as scarce to burn the pope.

There is in this passage a liberality of thinking, and what may be properly called a gentlemanly spirit, which does Mr. Ravenscroft great honour. It may be said that it proves that what I am condemning in this age existed then. But it seldom happens that the objects of a poet's satire are very numerous. A few insolent writers or talkers might provoke what he has so well said. Besides it will not be disputed that want of reverence for superiors was not then common.

In the same gentleman's dedication of his play to Lord Arundel, there are very exalted sentiments of loyalty. After celebrating his patron and other lords for having stood the fire of persecution for their royal master, he says, "Shine then, you noble sufferers, like a bright constellation round this sun of glory: Thus influenced shall the orbs of government move regular and in order like those above, till the three nations are convinced of their former mistakes, and rejoice to find that change which most they feared."

Cæsar, who in the course of his own illustrious life had opportunities to observe mankind in all situations, sets before us in a strong manner in the motto to this paper, the undoubted truth that somebody will always have authority over the multitude. Let all then who have a sincere regard for the happiness of society, unite their endeavours to promote such principles of subordination and loyalty, that this authority, instead of being usurped by seditious men, may remain with those to whom it belongs.

Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE XXI.

TRAVELS through the interior Parts of North America in the Years 1766, 1767 and 1768. By J. Carver, Esq; illustrated with Copper Plates. 8vo. 7s. 6d. J. Walter.

FEW men have been better qualified to give a descriptive account of this country than the writer of these travels. As a proof of this assertion, it is necessary to inform our readers, that Mr. Carver was captain of a company of provincial troops during the late war with France in North America. In this service he must have acquired considerable knowledge of the country, and his skill as a draughtsman and surveyor, enabled him when he undertook these travels after the peace of 1763, to make correct charts and plans to illustrate and explain his journals. These charts and journals were thought to be of such consequence to government, that Mr. Carver was ordered to deliver the originals into the Plantation-office at Whitehall, and he was re-imbursed the expences of his travels on account of the publick benefit that may arise to the nation at some future period from his surveys and discoveries. Our author does not exhibit any direct complaint against the then Board of Trade, but it appears that he was not rewarded for his labours; refunding of expences can never be considered as a recompense for such a perious service. There is another circumstance which ought to be mentioned in behalf of this injured gentleman; after his arrival in England, he was examined by the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, and then asked the Board, what he should do with his papers, to which the first lord replied, without hesitation, you may publish them whenever you please. Accordingly he disposed of them to a bookseller, and when they were nearly ready for the press, the order before mentioned to deliver them all without delay into the Plantation-office was issued. In obedience to this order, Capt. Carver was obliged to repurchase them of the bookseller, and he thought himself justified in annexing the expence of this transaction to his other demands on government; but the claim was not admitted, he was obliged to submit to the loss, though the sum was considerable, and to rest satisfied with an indemnification for any other expences. From the favour of a generous publick he therefore expects his compensation for this disappointment, having communicated to them all his plans, journals and observations, of which he luckily kept copies; and he has done this the more readily because he hears the originals are mislaid in the office, and there is no probability of their being ever published.

We congratulate our author on his indemnification for his other expences, as it does

not appear that government employed him, and we can assure him, notwithstanding the acknowledged importance of his papers, such is the wretched management of the great revenues of this kingdom, including the immense sums annually voted by parliament, that complaints have multiplied of late years, of services performed in consequence of absolute orders at the peril of life and fortune, remaining unrewarded, if not unpaid; and we are happy to find that the rapid sale of his travels will complete his good fortune.

The work is very properly divided into two parts. The first contains a typographical description of the several places he visited, also a professional account, in his military capacity, of the strength and condition of forts and garrisons; transient observations and entertaining anecdotes enliven this part of the performance composed in the form of a journal. A new general map of North America; a plan of Mr. Carver's travels; and a view of the falls of St. Anthony in the river Mississippi are the plates given in this division.

The second part contains an ample account of the origin, manners, customs, religion and language of the Indians inhabiting the interior parts of North America. The natural history of these parts is included, and in an appendix, the probability of their becoming commercial colonies is demonstrated; tracts of land are pointed out on which they may be established to the greatest advantage, &c. Upon the whole we may safely pronounce this a valuable acquisition, and for the entertainment of our readers, we shall take occasion to select some passages from the history of the manners and customs of the Indians which are new, curious, and pleasing.

XXII. *Sketches of the Natural, Civil and Political State of Switzerland, in a Series of Letters to William Melmoth, Esq; from William Coxe, M. A. &c. 8vo. 6s. Dodds.*

THIS is the latest and best description of Switzerland in our language, and it has the advantage of being written from observations made on the spot by a gentleman whose sacred function, known character, and situation in life, exempt him from the suspicion of exaggeration, or any of those selfish views which induce travellers to exceed the bounds of truth, in order to fill their volumes with stories of the marvellous kind to promote an extensive sale.

There is a modesty in the title which precludes rigid criticism, we are not to expect in sketches, a complete description and history of a country; they were written while the author was accompanying Lord Herbert upon his travels, of course while he was engaged in assisting that young nobleman to pursue other important studies. They were

not intended for the publick eye, but when the author's friends judged them worthy of publication, he judiciously applied to his literary acquaintance in Switzerland for additional information, and to Capt. Floyd who made the tour with him, and kept an accurate journal; by their assistance he was enabled to add several material circumstances to the letters written only for the inspection of Mr. Melmoth and other private friends, which had slipped his memory, or escaped his observation.

One passage points out the plan of the writer, and is a proper apology for the omission of many things that might otherwise be expected to find a place in this work. "Our day is so short in most of the places we pass through, that I cannot expect to gain an accurate knowledge of every circumstance I wish to be acquainted with: but though I may omit many things that are worthy of your curiosity, yet I shall attest nothing of the truth of which I am not perfectly convinced—I will describe nothing of which I have not been an eye witness. The remarks I shall transmit to you, will be the genuine result of my own feelings; and I had even rather be frequently wrong in my sentiments and reflexions, than slavishly follow the observations of others. On this you may therefore depend; that though the conclusions may perhaps be false, the facts will certainly be true." For this very reason we recommend the facts to the notice of our readers, the other declaration discovering too much of the dogmatick stile of the fellow of King's College, Cambridge; it is priest's language, pedant's language, and university language.

The description of the lake of Wallenstoe. The accurate account of the form of government of the thirteen cantons, particularly of their elections of magistrates, and their general assemblies. The investigation of the real height of the most remarkable mountains so often exaggerated by writers of different nations. The narrative of the wonder-working powers of industry in changing valleys and forests into fertile pastures and flourishing villages in the district of the *val de Ruz*. The relation of the origin of watch-making in Switzerland, which employs many thousand hands. The description of the hermitage hewn out of a rock at Mennick, a village near Fribourg, by a single hermit, who employed near thirty years in this arduous undertaking. The account of Michael Schuppach, the famous Swiss doctor, called the physician of the mountain. And, the general reflexions in the last letter in relation to the present state of Switzerland in general, are the most valuable articles in the volume.

XXIII. *Moral and historical Memoirs*. 3vo. Dilly.

IN the course of the last summer, an ingenious historical essay was published,

on the Abuse of Unrestrained Power. See our Review of this pamphlet, Vol. XLVII. p. 409. The character we gave of it was confirmed by the publick voice, and it is probably owing to the encouragement given to that essay, that the author has now produced a volume of moral and historical memoirs, in which it is republished. The additional subjects are all important, and of general utility. They might have been called moral essays, but the arguments on each topic being illustrated with entertaining anecdotes from ancient and modern history, account for the propriety of the present title. As a sequel to an excellent essay on refinement and luxury, he presents us with a picture of the manners of a Grecian lady of fashion and quality, compared with that of an English lady, of the same rank and condition; his reason for drawing this picture is, that many are of opinion, our present effeminacy and venality are owing in a great measure to the change of manners in the fair sex, and the ascendancy they have gained over us. We know but too well the manners of our ladies of fashion. The contrast is exhibited in a conversation piece, between Ischomachus and his new married lady, both persons (according to our phrase) of great rank and fortune at Athens. Ischomachus relates what passed between him and his wife to his friend Socrates, the famous philosopher, and the whole memoir is taken from Xenophon's *Oeconomics*.

The annexed extract will be sufficient to demonstrate what a fund of rational entertainment and instruction may be found in this performance.

Ischomachus in conversation with Socrates, thus proceeds—"When therefore I once observed that she had used some artifice to appear fairer and more blooming than her natural complexion, and had even put on high-heeled shoes to appear taller than her natural stature—tell me my love, said I, by which of these proceedings *with regard to our affairs*, would you think me worthiest of your affections, whether, by telling you ingenuously the state of my fortunes, without pretending to be worth more than I was; or by endeavouring to deceive you, boasting of more than I was worth, showing you base money for good, false jewels for true, and an adulterate purple for genuine? Hastily interrupting me, she said, pray do not speak thus of yourself, for were you such a character, I could not possibly love you. I then replied, were we not connected in order to share mutually in each other's persons. So answered she, the men say. In what manner then, added I, in this community of persons shall I appear more worthy of your affection; in endeavouring by care and exercise, to make my person appear to you healthy and robust, and having a real wholesome complexion; or in presenting myself to you,

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my face stained with vermillion, and my eyelids anointed, and thus converse with you purposely to deceive you, and instead of my natural feel and complexion, obtruding what is counterfeit both to your sight and touch? Indeed, answered she, neither would vermillion be so agreeable to my touch as your natural self, nor the rich lustre of purple as your own complexion, nor your eyes anointed and smeared as clear and well—then my dear wife, in the same manner be persuaded, that neither *Ceruse* or *Rouge* are near so agreeable to me as your native complexion; for in the same manner as the gods have made other animals best pleased with each other in their natural state, so it likewise holds in the human species. These artifices, indeed, may impose on strangers, in such a manner as to escape detection; but those who constantly live together, if they mutually attempt to deceive one another, must certainly be found out; for either when they rise from bed, they are discovered before they are dressed, or betrayed by perspiration, or in fine by the bath.

Pray then, said Socrates, what reply did she make to all this? What else, than for the future never to make use of such sort of devices, but always to present herself to me neat and clean."

In a future edition, we recommend it to the author, to consult more attentively the syntax and idiom of our own language, and not to force them to give way to the construction of the dead language. In one or two places we have taken the liberty to transpose a few words, and have marked them in *italics* to illustrate our meaning.

XXIV. *Pictures of Men, Manners, and the Times.* 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Booley

Unfinished outlines rather than pictures, and the pencil of a pupil who may improve his hand, and in time draw tolerable caricatures. But this must not rest on our evidence; agreeable to a rule we have laid down, and constantly mean to observe, our readers shall judge for themselves, with this view we shall give one specimen which we think as good as any in the collection, and they will determine whether it is a recommendation to the purchase of the entire exhibition.

CHAP. 6. *Traits of the Town.* THE PARK—Where amongst innumerable curious appearances are the following—the melancholy whore, alone, or with a young girl in her hand, sweet token of her innocence and occupation: the women of distinction, with their lusty servants lounging at their heels, seemingly kept to guard, or more aptly figurative to rattle their charms; the bold blustering demi-reps breathing defiance to the lordling man, who seems with all his effrontery, lost and vanquished in the war of eyes; just emblem of his deplorable condition in

the actual but unequal combat: the tottering, mumping, lascivious, leering old fop, simpering and blinking at every girl they meet; the vacant, staring bucks, without plan, meaning, or design, plunging forward as chance or the devil directs: the fastidious *Petit Maitres* with thoughts confined only to the contemplation of themselves, the pert coxcombs flashy, foolish and insignificant; the important men of rank, staring at you as if they could eat an army of such fellows as yourself, the jabbering yellow-hued foreigners, in parties, earnestly putting in their pleas and pretensions: the groups of laughing, flaunting, hoyden jakes, in all the finery of their Sunday suits, and gay-boding revelry of love delights, with White Conduit-house, tea, hot rolls and butter, and a coach: the galloping bounding beaux of fashion, with their faucy flares, figuring away by the side of the Mall upon their gay prancers, to kick up a dust in Hyde Park: the bold equestrian nymphs, primed and caparisoned, in figure resembling a light dragoon, outstretching the foremost of the motley cavalry, and displaying love powers that would damp the spirits of a Satyr, and dishearten Jove himself: the looking damsel upon a bench, cocking up her speaking eye at you as you pass, accompanied with the nicely managed intimating wink, and the shameless brimstone uttering bawdy and blasphemy before your face; the forelorn tree-counters vainly wishing for a dinner and kind looks, silently soliciting protection until they, with every distinction of character, are huddled together and lost in the increasing and intermingling crowd. Our painter naturally enough shifts his canvas, and carries you from the park to the chop-house; the porter-house, and the coffee-house. In general, his colouring is too coarse for a delineator of human life and manners, but we must say no more lest we incur the imputation of partiality, for the poor devils the scribblers are cut up alive in the first chapter.

XXV. *The indiscreet Marriage, or Henry and Sophia Somerville; in a Series of Letters.* By Miss Nugent and Miss Taylor. 3 vols. 7s. 6s. Doddsley.

THE first of the young ladies whose names are set to this juvenile performance is the daughter of a Veteran officer, who died in the bed of honour, in the service of his country, at the head of his company of marines, at the battle of Bunker's Hill. To his only son, Edward Nugent, an officer in the East India company's service at Bombay, this petty trifle is with true taste, and elegant simplicity, dedicated by his sister. Of the coadjutrix, Miss Taylor we know nothing more, than that she is very young, the age of the two, not exceeding thirty years, yet there seems to be a friendly union formed be-

1779.

between her and Miss Nugent, which would do honour to riper years and more mature judgement. We wish it may prove reciprocally beneficial through life. The young ladies, anticipating some censures they apprehended might be passed upon their employing their time in this manner, have bespoke the candour and indulgence of the critics, male and female, and from the latter they have the most to dread—by an ingenuous declaration, that these sheets were mostly written between the hours of five and eight in the morning, and that they never neglected any domestic employment it was proper to be engaged in. It is plain by the respectable lists of subscribers to their performance, that they stand acquitted in the opinion of the ladies of Twickenham, where they reside, and its neighbourhood; let this suffice then to silence those prudes who being loud in their invectives against suffering young girls to read novels, would otherwise exclaim with additional vehemence, My God, what write novels too! this indeed is an age of wonders!

Of the production itself we have only to say, that considered as an amusement for leisure hours, and the first adventure in the literary line of two young ladies who have thrown themselves on the mercy of the public, by annexing their names to the title page, it ought to command a favourable reception, and we hope the critics will think it as indelicate to point out any little defects, as it would be to take to pieces, feature by feature, the little dear creatures themselves, when probably *tout ensemble*, they may be the subjects of admiration and praise. We will venture however, one piece of advice, in case they should think proper to let loose their fancy again in rambling prose. It is to lay upon some regular, connected, uniform plot, not complex in any respect as a basis for their superstructure, and to pursue this to the end. Those who are fond of the marvellous, of intricacies, perplexities, embarrassments, and plot upon plot will give the preference to the indiscreet marriage; but persons of sound judgements who are fond of a well wrought tale, as the medium for conveying instruction and a useful moral to young minds, wish to have that tale as simple and natural as possible, that the moral may not be dropped or lost by the memory, from its being too attentively engaged in unravelling the entanglements of a perplexed combination of multifarious adventures. The young ladies will be pleased to recollect a kind of necessity work once much in vogue with the ladies of their ancestry, called patch-work, greatly resembling Harlequin's coat, it was pretty, and the execution required some taste in the choice and arrangement of the colours, as well as great patience; but the want of elegant simplicity threw it out of date.

A glance to the beautiful, and a word to the wise is enough.—

XX. *The Shadows of Shakspeare; a Monody occasioned by the Death of Mr. Garrick; being a prize Poem written for the Vase, at Bath Easton. By Courtney Melmoth.* 4to. 1s. Dilly.

OF the many grateful tributes paid by the sons and daughters of the muses to the memory of our late excellent actor, this may be reckoned one of the best in point of poetical merit, and modesty; for the poet confines himself to the acknowledged superiority of his much lamented friend in the line of that profession which placed him on the pinnacle of fame. Garrick, like other men, had his failings out of this walk, and some of them not of the minutest species—it is sufficient to let them rest with him in his grave; and it is the phrenzy of enthusiastick adulation alone, that can provoke the recollection of them. Let this admonition put a stop to fulsome panegyrics—neither a hero nor a demi-god is departed—but Mr. Melmoth has told us what we have really lost in the following lines.

And is he dead, whose wonder working art,
So often tore, and touch'd, and tun'd the
heart?

Whose piercing eye intelligence could give,
And bid long-buried beings look and live?
Whose voice enrich'd the verse his Shakspeare writ,

And gave to every word its weight of wit;
No sentence blamish'd, marr'd no golden line;
But polish'd as he drew it from the mine.

Whose tongue grew wanton in his Shakspeare's cause,

And gave to crowded theatres their laws;
Whose powerful accents soften'd or sublime,
Free from all frippery, false pause, false
chime,

Chain'd as to th' attracting centre every ear,
And, all commanding, sway'd the smile and
tear.

PUBLICATIONS in the Months of MARCH and APRIL, besides those that have been reviewed.

POLITICKS.

OBSERVATIONS concerning the public Law, and the constitutional History of Scotland, with occasional Remarks on English Antiquity. By Gilbert Stuart, L. L. D. 8vo. 5s. Murray.

A full Vindication of the Right Honourable General's Conduct, against the Attacks of an anonymous Libeller. 1s. Bew.

The Canadian Freeholder, the second Volume. 4s. B. White.

A brief Examination of the Plan and Conduct of the Northern Expedition in America, in 1777. n. Hookham.

HISTORY.

HISTORY.

ANNALS of Scotland, from the Accession of Robert Bruce to the Accession of the House of Stewart. By Sir David Dalrymple, Bart. 4to. 12s. 6d. Murray.

The History of Women, from the earliest Antiquity to the present Time. By William Alexander, M.D. 4to. 2 vols. Cadell.

An Enquiry into the original State and Formation of the Earth, by John Whitehurst. 4to. 12s. Robinson.

A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany. 2 vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Cadell.

Lucius Junius Brutus, or the Expulsion of the Tarquins, an historical Play. By Hugh Dowman. 2s. Wilkie.

A View of the Earth, so far as it was known to the Ancients, &c. By R. Turner, Jun. 8vo. 3s. Doddsley.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEMOIRS of Maitre Jacques of Savoy. 2s. Owen.

Thoughts on the Times, but chiefly on the Profligacy of our Women. 2s. 6d. Parker.

The literary History of the Troubadours, translated from the French. 8vo. 6s. Cadell.

The Playhouse Pocket Companion, 12mo. 3s. Richardson and Urquhart.

L A W.

THE Proceedings at large of the Court-Martial on the Tryal of Admiral Keppel, taken in Short Hand by William Blanchard for the Admiral. 6s. Almon.

The genuine Tryal of Admiral Keppel, by T. Blandimore. 4s. Crowder.

The Minutes of the Proceedings of the Court Martial on Admiral Keppel, as taken by George Jackson, Esq; Judge Advocate. 6s. Cadell.

MEDICAL.

THE Guardian of Health, in three Parts. By N. D. Falck, M.D. 2s. 6d. Law.

NOVELS.

COLOMMELLA, or the Distressed Anchorite, a colloquial Tale. 2 vols. 5s. Doddsley.

Edwy and Edilda, a Tale in five Parts. 3s. Doddsley.

Charles, or the History of a young Baronet and a Lady of Quality. 2 vols. 5s. Bew.

Memoirs of Lady Elisabeth Audley, by Mrs. Cartwright. 2 vols. 5s. Richardson and Urquhart.

POETRY.

THE Satires of Perseus, paraphrastically imitated. 2s. Doddsley.

Ode to the Naval Officers of Great Britain. 6d. Cadell.

The Liverpool Prize, a Farce. 1s. T. Evans.

The Sacrifice, a sacred Ode. By William Augustus Willis, M.D. 1s. 6d. Bew.

The Poetical Review. 1s. 6d. Peat.

The Keppeliade, or injured Virtue triumphant. 1s. 6d. Harrison and Co.

The Seer, or the American Prophecy. 2s. 6d. Harrison and Co.

The Carmen Seculare of Horace, translated into English Verse by the Author of the Ode to the Warlike Genius of Great Britain. 1s. Doddsley.

The injured Islanders, or the Influence of Art upon the Happiness of Nature, a Poem. 2s. Murray.

The Register of Folly, or Characters and Incidents at Bath, &c. 1s. 6d. Wilkie.

An heroic Congratulation to Admiral Keppel on his Acquittal. 1s. 6d. Doddsley.

The Female Congress, a mock heroic Poem. 2s. 6d. Davies.

The Noble Cricketers, a poetical Epistle. 1s. Bew.

The Scotch Hut, or the Earl of the Grove. 1s. Almon.

Calypso, a new Masque, in three Acts, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. 1s. 6d. T. Evans.

Verses to the Memory of David Garrick, Esq; spoken by Mrs. Yates as a Monody, at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by R. B. Sheridan, Esq. 1s. 6d. T. Evans.

The Works of the English Poets, with Prefaces biographical and critical, by Samuel Johnson. Sixty Volumes duodecimo. 2s. 6d. each. Ornamented with Engravings by Bartolozzi, &c. Baldwin.

Nereus's Prophecy, a Sea Piece, sketched off Ushant on the 28th of July, 1778. 1s. 6d. Bew.

The Prince of Peace. 2s. 6d. Murray.

RELIGIOUS.

A SERMON preached before the Lord spiritual and temporal on the last Fast Day, by the Bishop of Chester. 1s. Rivington.

The delusive and persecuting Spirit of Popery, a Sermon on the last Fast Day, by James Fordyce, D.D. 1s. Cadell.

A Sermon preached before the House of Commons on the last Fast Day, by G. Sturgeson, D.D. 1s. T. Payne.

Considerations on the present State of the Church Establishment, by John Sturgeson, M.A. 3s. Cadell.

A View of the two Covenants of Works and Grace, &c. by the Rev. T. Bolton. Vols. 4s. Buckland.

A Practical Treatise on Afflictions, &c. by Stephen Addington. 2s. Buckland.

1779.

The Importance of Truth, or the Danger of Moderation, particularly with respect to the Doctrine of the Trinity. 1s. Buckland. The Evidence of Reason in Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and a Letter to Dr. Priestley, by John Duncan, D. D. 8vo. 6s. Cadell.

A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Fordyce, in Answer to his Sermon, on the delusive and persecuting Spirit of Popery. 1s. 6d. Robinson.

The Spoilers spoiled, a Fast Sermon, by the Rev. Peter Paris. 6d. Baldwin.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

On the APPROACH of SPRING.

THE goldfinch, linnæ, and the thrush,
Melodiously do sing;
Their notes alternate from the bush,
To greet reviving spring.

The lark sweet herald of the day,
His airy height doth wing;
And while he soars a matin lay,
He chaunts to hail the spring.

The fleecy tribe (with mirth all crown'd)
Rejoice that spring is nigh;
And sportive frisk along the ground,
Unbounded is their joy.

Quite placid are the herds that low,
Within the pastures green;
And vanish'd quite is hoary snow,
And frosts no more are seen.

The eglantine and woodbine bow'rs,
In gayest pride do dress;
And dew drops tinge the streaky flow'rs,
Their fragrant sweets to press—

How vernal do the breezes blow,
Along the flow'ry vales;
And over all the herbs that grow;
They breathe refreshing gales.

How verdant do the meadows look.
How splendid ev'ry grove;
And ev'ry billow in the brook,
In harmony doth move.

O genial Spring, it is thro' thee,
That ev'ry landscape's gay;
Thou buds and blossoms ev'ry tree,
And beautifies the day.

Thy presence stills the blust'ring wind,
And smooths the furrow'd sea;
And makes serene the ruffled mind,
That heav'd with misery.

W. S.

The BEAUTIES of GREENWICH.

SEQUESTER'd from the city's noise,
Its tumults and fantastick joys,
Fair nymphs and swains retire;
MAYRICK Thames far rolling tide,
Imperious winds by Greenwich side,
Whose shades new joys inspire.

There innocence and mirth resort,
And round its banks the graces sport,
Lond. MAG. for April 1779.

* The Thames. † London. ‡ Two celebrated toasts, known at all the bread and butter manufactories.

Young love delight and joy;
Bright-blushing health unlocks his springs,
Each grove around its fragrance flings,
With sweets that never cloy.

Emerging from the orient main,
The sun ascends th' ethereal plain,
Impearling ev'ry lawn;
Wild warbling wood notes float around,
While echo doubles ev'ry sound,
To hail the glad some dawn.

There lovely views the river crown,
Woods, meadows, ships, yon † spiry town;
Where wit and beauty reign; (charms,
Where BRIAND ‡ and where || BUTLER'S
Fill many a youth with love's alarms,
Sweet pleasure mix'd with pain.

Now Celia and fair Chloë rise,
Ye fair unlock those radiant eyes,
Nor press the pillow more;
But rise and taste of vernal bliss,
Romantic dreams and sleep dismiss,
And hail the Greenwich shore.

Flora along the velvet green,
Adorning all the sylvan scene,
Invites the fair to stray;
Where lofty domes o'er shade the wave,
And Zephyrs leave their secret cave,
Along the streams to play.

Then shall gay health your cheeks adorn,
With blushes sweeter than the morn,
— And fresh as early day;
And then that Greenwich is the place,
To add to beauty's brightest grace,
The world around shall say.

HENRY LEMOINE.

ANDROMACHE'S SOLILOQUY.

By a YOUNG LADY.

O H make my Hector all ye Gods your
care,
Ye guardian powers be forever near, [alarms,
When the shrill trumpet sounds the dread
And trembling foes prepare to meet his arms,
Shield him from all the dangers of that day,
Your heavenly banners o'er his head display;
Give him such courage that his looks may
spread [with dread,
Fear through their souls—and fill their ranks

2 B

Thus

Thus all the day I weary heaven with pray'rs
But ah from whence these sad presaging fears!
Why sinks my soul—Why fall these silent
tears?

[my eyes,
Last night methought e'er sleep had clos'd
Nay more than thought I saw his shade arise;
Not only saw—his voice I seem'd to hear,
My lov'd Andromache it said, prepare,
To hear a tale will wound thy tender ear,
But what the Gods inflict with patience bear,
Live for our child it said—and vanish'd into
air.

Return, dear shade, this dreadful tale unfold!
But, ah! my fears I need not now be told:
My sad forboding heart!—you well explain,
And more than fancy shows me Hector slain.
And can I live!—ye Gods avert the thought,
Not such the lessons that my hero taught!
Tho' weak my sex, my soul as high aspires,
And my breast glows as with heroic fires!
Who wou'd endure to live in misery,
When death can in a moment set us free,
The only good the Gods can now bestow,
And in one stroke I'll terminate my woe.
But hold, my child—the ties of nature stay,
And chain to misery my future day;
A greater proof of courage I must give
Still to live wretched—and yet dare to live!

FUGITIVE VERSES

“To those who *RULE* and *DO NOT* rule the
Roast.”

PART I.

TO ADMINISTRATION.

GOD bless you, now you all are met,
Ye are an *honest*, noisy set,
Fit to conduct a kingdom truly,
And to receive your pensions duly.
You, I mean, who issue forth,
Obedient to the blasts of *N—T N.*
Who spread your canvases to the air,
And sail ye know not *how* or *where*.
Oh, happy placeman! it is *thy* lot
To steer as suits the drowsy pilot.
Whether he drives you on a rock,
And sends you down to hell, like *smoke*,
Or leads you safely into port,—
For, sink or swim you've something for't.

But for the rogues, who still oppose,
They've nought that they can win or lose,
They, therefore, wish—such their condition—
The bark may go to quick perdition;
Or, if, perchance, it strikes the shore,
They hope for plunder—and no more.

Arise first placemen!—I'll address you,
Fear not—your *J—nk—nf—n* won't *press* you;
For, if you will be *voluntiers*,
He'll only make you *serve three years*;
Since, if the state don't better thrive,
It cannot surely hold out *five*;
Then, should the whole go to *d—mn—n*
You're free to trade in *corporation*.

But, passing from these common gibes,
I'll range you by your tribes—not bribes.

D—ck R—gby is about him laying,
With much more noise—than those he's
paying;

Whilst his *rotundity* of face
Betrays the *goddes* of his place.

Next *J—nk—nf—n* who *WAR* controls,
Beats Mars himself—whene'er he scouls,
And with grim visage, two feet long,
Bends forward o'er the noisy throng;
Like some disastrous form, on high,
Which Jove suspends in midnight sky,
When once he pass'd to *FATE* his word,
To give whole nations to the sword.

Pale *Sawney* rears his forehead narrow,
Like some lank swain on banks of *YARROW*,
And blows his *melancholy* reed,
The *music* of the *bonny TWEED*;
But, though he's *paid*, whene'er he *whines*,
You'd swear the *warlet* never dines. [*bellic*]

'Midst friends with much less heads than
Appears, as leader, *W—lb—re Ell—s*;
Accustom'd to *whip* in the Pack,
When ministers begin to *tack*;
And *manfully* to *soften* measures,
That they, in *peace*, may have their *Pleasures*,
When in blind alleys they are *bunting*,
Or urging the great work of *PUNTING*.

Whilst *B—ke* and *B—re* strain their throats
The mild *SIR GREY* is taking notes;
And, wise as owl, is seen *composing*,
For the good Premier, who is *dozing*:
Whilst to each patriot's loudest roar
N—th answers with a well-tim'd *snore*;
Till by some shriller trebles vex'd,
He discants on the good *Knigh*'s text,
And fills the house with such a bellow,
You'd think, in fire, he had no fellow.
But *INDECISION* by him stands,
With *MEASURES* dropping thro' her hands
And poor *Britannia*, weeping near,
Is leaning on her broken spear.

Now, having pass'd the enemy's line,
I'll *tack* about, nor fight decline,
Nor *K—pp—l—like*, be quite so kind
As let them *form*, whilst I've the wind.
I'll of the foe advantage take;
SIR SATIRE! come into my *wake*;
For I'll take care, that no false light
Shall give them time to fly by night. [*turn*]
Bear down, brave boys!—twon't serve my
To wait them *band*some till morn.

But hey-day, what have we got now?
Another Squadron on our *bow*!
Than *ballast* much more *sail* they carry,
Led on by *Adm'rals B—ke* and *B—re*;
To *windward* *chase*—and bring the *FAC—*
TION,

In spite of all their *blasts*, to action.—
The *wind* they'll always have!—no matter,
Let's hit the rogues twixt *wind* and *water*.
'Tis but an *ill-provided* crew,
Their ships are only trim'd for *shew*;
They've met enough of storms to rot 'em,
The *worm* has got into their bottom.—
Run out the guns!—*we're under way*!—
You'll hear our *seats*, some other day.

1779.

STANZAS wrote extempore on a Seat, in the beautiful arched Walk leading to Wardrew Spa, in Cumberland, on leaving the Place, July 7, 1778.

FAREWELL, dear place! where first my ravish'd eyes beheld what more than all the world I prize! May ev'ry swain as sweet a fair one find; But ev'ry nymph be to her swain more kind: May rosy health thy festive board attend, And ev'ry guest, in ease and pleasure spend His happy hours; till Time itself shall cease; And ev'ry care be sweetly sooth'd to peace. *Aston, Cumberland.* SIMPLEX.

SONNET, inscribed to CLARISSA.
Written in the Spring.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea Carmina, ducite Despinim. Virg. E. 8. 168.

THE sky-lark hov'ring o'er my head, Proclaims the joyful season near, When fair Clarissa, peerless maid! Again my longing eyes shall cheer.

Away, each doubt, and groundless fear, That strive my passion to remove; The pow'rs above have heard my pray'r, Those Pow'rs that witness to our love.

Fly, ye hours, on golden wings, Let hoary Time augment his pace; And bring me to those happy springs, Where first I saw my angel's face.

DUNELMENSIS.

AN EPIGRAMATICK.

THY wife is a drone, my good neighbour, I fear,
(Quoth lusty young William to Dick)
E'er 'tis my fate to be marry'd, I swear
I will wed one that's lively, and quick! 'Tis
A fortnight, or more, William marry'd a
lady;
A lady, neither pretty, nor mild;

She was quick you'll suppose—and I faith so she was,
For in six weeks—she brought forth a child!

STANZAS TO LAURA,

With PRIOR'S POEMS.

HOW softly here express'd you'll find,
What I describe in vain;
The charms of LAURA's heavenly mind,
The passion of her swain:
Let Prior's muse thy pity move,
And tell my Laura how I love!

Oh! were my wit like his refin'd,
Since equal is my theme,
Wast thou as Prior's CHLOE kind,
And I adorn'd like him;
Then should the world his Chloe see,
Lessauteous—less admir'd than thee,
For Prior never lov'd like me!

On the Bishop of Carlisle's Coachman, lately dead at Bath.

Written by a Stable Boy.

HERE lies the Bishop's coachman Ned,
Who seldom sober went to bed;
But that means nothing, now he's dead,
Alas! poor Ned!

Suffice it, thus much to relate,
He drove to Bath to fly his fate;
But Fate determin'd, long before,
That Ned from Bath should come no more,
Alas! poor Ned!

TRANSLATION of the FRENCH CATCH,
in our February Mag. page 91.

FILL, fill your empty glass,
Then empty what you fill;
Round briskly let it pass,
Nor let the glass stand still.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

LONDON,

Wednesday, March 31,

HIS Day came on at Taunton affizes the trial of Count Rice for the death of Viscount Du Barry. When the evidence on the side of the crown was closed, Count Rice in a short space stated the commencement and progress of his connexions with Viscount Du Barry, nearly as follows:

My acquaintance (said he) with Viscount du Barry originated at Paris in the year 1774. His family were then soliciting my favour at Vienna, and my connexions

at that court, which he thought might be serviceable to him, engaged his attention to me. We lived from that period, till the day before his death, in an intercourse of mutual good offices and civility. An expensive line of life, and considerable losses at play, frequently involved him in difficulties, to extricate himself from which he often borrowed large sums of money of me, I have in my possession letters, which I shall now produce, acknowledging the receipt of various sums of money, as well as bills and notes of hand, to the amount of some thousands of pounds still unpaid to which, from the embarrassed state of the affairs, I must look on as totally lost.

"A gouty humour which fell upon his bowels and legs last summer, induced some English physicians he met at Spa to recommend the use of the Bath waters. Determined, as it appears by these letters written a few days before he set off for England, to play no more, and to regulate his affairs with prudence, he resolved upon this excursion, in order to attend to his health, and restore his peace of mind. He frequently solicited me to accompany him, to which I at last consented; and accordingly we came to England together, at a mutual and proportional expence. We took a house at Bath, and lived there upon the same terms. For some weeks we continued to live at Bath on our former and accustomed intimacy; and though the Viscount du Barry was a man of an impetuous temper, without any material disagreement till the unfortunate dispute, which terminated in the loss of his life, and the imminent hazard of mine. It is needless here to enter into the origin of that dispute, or impute blame to the deceased, who can no longer vindicate his conduct."

The Count, after some pathetick observations on the sufferings he had undergone from his wound, concluded by referring to the evidence already given, as some reasons, he said, prevented his calling the seconds before the court with propriety, and committed himself with confidence into the hands of his jury; persuaded, to use his own words, that, in order to determine justly upon his conduct, in the crime imputed to him, they would put themselves in his situation, and adopt those feelings by which he was necessarily actuated on the unfortunate occasion.

Mr. Justice Nares addressed the jury in an affecting speech; remarked to them in particular the unusual backwardness the prisoner had shown in this transaction, and his humanity to the unfortunate Viscount after his fall, and directed a verdict for manslaughter. The jury, after a short consultation, desired to know if they might not totally acquit the prisoner; and after a few minutes deliberation pronounced him Not Guilty, to the satisfaction of the audience.

FRIDAY, APRIL 9.

On Wednesday night as Miss Reay was coming out of Covent-Garden theatre, in order to take her coach, accompanied by two friends, a gentleman and a lady, between whom she walked in the Piazza, a man stepped up to her without the smallest previous menace, or address, put a pistol to her head, and shot her instantly dead. He then fired another at himself, which, however, did not prove equally effectual. The ball grazed upon the upper part of the head, but did not penetrate sufficiently to produce any fatal effects; he fell, however, and so firmly was he bent upon the entire completion of

the destruction he had meditated, that he was found beating his head with the utmost violence with the butt end of the pistol, by Mr. Mahon, apothecary, of Covent-Garden, who wrenched the pistol, from his hand. He was carried to the Shakespeare, where his wound was dressed. In his pockets were found two letters; one a copy of a letter which he had written to Miss Reay, and the other to his brother-in-law, in Bow-street. The first of these epistles is replete with warm expressions of affection to the unfortunate object of his love, and an earnest recommendation of his passion. The other contains a pathetick relation of the melancholy resolution he had taken, and a confession of the cause that produced it. He said, he could not live without Miss Reay, and since he had found, by repeated application, that he was shut out from every hope of possessing her, he had conceived this design as the only refuge from a misery which he could not support. He heartily wished his brother that felicity which fate had denied him, and requested that the few debts he owed might be discharged from the disposal of his effects. When he had so far recovered his faculties as to be capable of speech, he enquired with great anxiety concerning Miss Reay; being told she was dead, he desired her poor remains might not be exposed to the observation of the curious multitude. About five o'clock in the morning Sir John Fielding came to the Shakespeare, and not finding his wounds of a dangerous nature ordered him to be conveyed to Tothill-Field-bridewell. This ill-fated criminal is a clergyman at present; about four years ago was an officer in the army; but not meeting with success in the military profession, by the advice of his friends he soon after quitted it and assumed the gown.

The body of the unhappy lady was carried into the Shakespeare tavern for the inspection of the coroner.

When the news of this misfortune was carried to a certain nobleman, it was received by him with the utmost concern; he was exceedingly, and lamented with every other token of grief the interruption of a connection which had lasted for 17 years with happiness to both.

She has had nine children by the noble Lord, five of whom are now living, and have been instructed by her with maternal attention.

TUESDAY, 13.

The following is the disposition to be made of the troops to be encamped next summer. At Coxheath, fourteen regiments; at Weymouth, twenty-one; at Portsmouth, four; Plymouth, three; at Chatham, two; Suffolk, three; and at Salisbury, three cavalry. There is not to be any camp at Winchester. The different camps are to

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formed as early in May as forage can be collected.

SATURDAY, 17.

Yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Hackman was brought from Newgate to the bar of the Sessions-House in the Old-Bailey, where he was arraigned for firing a pistol at Miss Reay, as she was coming out of Covent-Garden playhouse, on Wednesday the 7th inst. which killed her on the spot, to which indictment he pleaded Not Guilty; when the several witnesses were examined, they gave the same evidence as they had given before Sir John Fielding, which being gone through with, Judge Blackstone, who tried him, called on Mr. Hackman to make his defence, or, if he chose it, he might leave it to his counsel. After Mr. Hackman had wiped a flood of tears from his eyes, he pulled out a sheet of paper from his pocket, and read, the substance of which was nearly to this purport: "My Lord, I now stand arraigned for a heinous crime, and if found guilty must suffer the death that the laws of my country have allotted in such cases; and as I have taken away the life of one whose life was dearer to me than my own, I therefore shall meet my unhappy fate with fortitude and resignation, and acknowledge the justness of my sentence." The judge afterwards summed up the evidence, and gave his charge to the jury in an excellent speech, in which he said, that the letter found in the prisoner's pocket, directed to his brother-in-law, was sufficient to conclude he was not insane. The jury, without going out of court, found him guilty, when the deputy recorder passed sentence on him.

MONDAY, 19.

Copy of a Letter from Admiral Sir Thomas Pye to the Earl of Sandwich, dated Portsmouth, April 8.

"MY LORD,

"I cannot suffer Lieut. Trollope to wait on your lordship without recommending him to your favour, by expressing my sentiments of his gallant behaviour in the strongest terms, who by engaging so gallantly a frigate of France so greatly superior to himself, and by which means he prevented a number of the trade sailing into their hands, who were then going down the channel without convoy. I have the honour to be, &c.

THOMAS PYE."

The Kite cutter mounted twelve guns and fifty men, and the French frigate that she engaged mounted twenty-two guns, nine pounders, and a proportionable number of men.

The Board of Admiralty have put the Kite cutter upon the establishment of a sloop, and appointed Lieutenant Trollope to the command of her.

TUESDAY, 20.

A little after five yesterday morning the Reverend Mr. Hackman got up, dressed

himself, and was at private meditation till near seven, when Mr. Boswell and two other gentlemen waited on him, and accompanied him to the chapel, where prayers were read by the ordinary of Newgate, after which he received the sacrament; between eight and nine he came down from chapel, and was halted; when the sheriff's officer took the cord from the bag to perform his duty, Mr. Hackman said, "Oh! the sight of this shocks me more than the thought of its intended operation;" he then shed a few tears, and took leave of two gentlemen in a very affecting manner. He was then conducted to a mourning coach, attended by Mr. Vilette, the ordinary, Mr. Boswell, and Mr. Davenport, the sheriff's officer; when the procession set out for Tyburn in the following manner, viz. Mr. Miller, city marshal, on horseback, in mourning, a number of sheriff's officers on horseback, constables, &c. Mr. sheriff Kitchen, with his under sheriff, in his carriage; the prisoner, with the afore-mentioned persons, in the mourning coach; officers, &c. the cart hung in black, out of which he was to make his exit. On his arrival at Tyburn he got out of the coach, mounted the cart, and took an affectionate leave of Mr. Boswell and the ordinary. After some time spent in prayer he was tied up, and about ten minutes past eleven he was launched into eternity. After hanging the usual time his body was brought to Surgeons-Hall for dissection.

When Mr. Hackman got into the cart under the gallows, he immediately kneeled down with his face towards the horses, and prayed some time; he then rose, and joined in prayer with Mr. Vilette and Mr. Boswell, about a quarter of an hour, when he desired to be permitted to have a few minutes to himself; the clergymen then took leave of him. His request being granted, he informed the executioner when he was prepared he would drop his handkerchief as a signal; accordingly, after praying about six or seven minutes to himself, he dropped his handkerchief, and the cart drew from under him.

The above unfortunate gentleman was lately instituted to the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk.

WEDNESDAY, 21.

Yesterday, at half past eleven o'clock, came on, in Covent-Garden, the election of a member to serve in parliament for the city of Westminster, in the room of their late representative, Lord Petersham, now earl of Harrington, when Lord Malden, son of the Earl of Essex, was chosen without opposition.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, April 6, 1779.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Reynolds, of his Majesty's Ship Jupiter, to Mr. Stephens, dated at Plymouth, the 2d instant.

I left Spithead yesterday morning. His majesty's sloop the Delight had proceeded from

from thence a few hours before. About eleven I perceived that sloop engaged with a privateer of force, which struck to her about one o'clock; the particulars of which Capt. Douglas has transmitted to their lordships; in addition to which I must beg leave to observe, that the behaviour of himself, officers, and people, on this occasion, does them much credit. Upon communicating his orders to me, I enabled the sloop to proceed about five o'clock in the afternoon. I have brought the prize into Plymouth.

Copy of Captain Douglas's Letter, mentioned in the foregoing.

Delight, off Portland, April 1, 1779.

Agreeable to the orders I received from my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, I left Spithead this morning, and off Dunmore, about ten o'clock, I fell in with and took the Jean, Burt, a French privateer of 20 guns and about 190 Men, which ship engaged me for some time, during which the boatswain, Mr. Randall, was killed, and two men much wounded. The Jupiter afterwards coming up, and having communicated my orders to Captain Reynolds, he immediately took the necessary measures to enable me to proceed, without loss of time to put their lordships commands in execution. I must beg leave to mention the good behaviour of my officers and people.

MARRIAGES.

March **T**HOMAS Leigh, Esq. of Iver in Bucks, captain in the second troop of horse grenadier guards, to Miss Geary, daughter of Admiral Geary.—*April 15.* The Reverend John Knightly, rector of Byfield, in Northamptonshire, and brother to Lucy Knightly, Esq. member for the county, to Miss Baines, niece to the late Bishop of Worcester.

DEATHS.

THE 27th ult. on his circuit at Dundalk, in Ireland, the Honourable Thomas Tennyson, second justice of his majesty's court of Common Pleas.—*April 1.* The Right Honourable William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, Viscount Petersham, a general of his majesty's forces, colonel of the second troop of horse grenadier guards, and comptroller of the customs in the port of Dublin.—Richard Onlees, Esq. under secretary of state for the Northern department.—3. The lady of the Lord Viscount Hinchinbroke, Vice-Chamberlain of his majesty's household.—4. The Right Honourable Lord King.—7. Lady Dowager Viscountess Montague, aged 80, relict of Anthony, late Lord Viscount Montague, and mother of the present Lord Viscount Montague.—11. At Pershore in Worcestershire, in the 55th year of his age, after a very short and sudden ill-

ness, the Reverend John Ash, LL.D. for many years a dissenting minister in that town. He was the author of a celebrated English Grammar; as also of the Complete English Dictionary, 2 vols. 8vo. allowed to be the best, as well as the most complete work of the kind, that has ever yet been published.—14. Sir John Fust, Bart. the last male line of that ancient family, lineally descended from Fustineus, who invented the art of printing.—17. The Countess of Dundonald.—A few days ago, lady Maude, relict of the late Sir Robert Maude, and mother to the present Sir Cornwallis Maude, Bart. of West-Mead, in Caermarthenshire.—The lady of Francis Beynton, Esq. and eldest daughter of the late Sir Warton Pennycuik, Bart.—The lady of Henry Bellasey, Esq. sister to the late Sir John Glynn, Bart.—At Paris, John Earl of Traquarrie, in the 81st year of his age.—22. Mrs. Anne Toovey, wife of Richard Toovey Draper, Watlington, Oxfordshire.—25. William Harvey, Esq. Knight of the Shire for the county of Essex.—Dr. John Green, Bishop of Lincoln, and canon residentiary of St. Paul's.—26. Samuel Seddon, Esq. solicitor to the Board of Admiralty.

BANKRUPTS.

WILLIAM Boulden, of the Hay-Market, in St James, Westminster, coachmaker and stable-keeper.
Edward Gravenor, of Coventry, silkman.
Thomas Elford, of Bristol, soapboiler and tallow-chandler.
William Taylor, of Nottingham, hosier.
Thomas Groombridge, late of Southwark, in Surrey, merchant.
John Dunn, late of Bromley, in Kent, upholster.
John Deane and Edward Carter, both of Liverpool, in Lancashire, ropemakers.
James Armstrong, now or late of Chichester, in Sussex, mercer.
John Pleininger, late of Bush-Lane, London, wine-merchant.
Josiah Peacock, of Princes Street, near Lothbury, London, broker.
William Davenport, of Leek, in Staffordshire dealer.
John Talbot the younger, of Wimborne Minster, in Dorsetshire, miller.
Ambrose Parish, of James-Street, St. Martin in the Fields, bricklayer.
John Mason, of St. Andrew, Holborn, dealer.
Thomas Hay, late steward of the Duke of Portland East-Indiaman, but now of Wapping, mariner.
Andrew Gentile and Robert Gentile, both of Maidstone, in Kent, leather dressers and copartners.
John Swaine, of Salford, in Lancashire, dealer.
Richard Mead, now or late of St. Mary Magdalen, Canterbury, butcher.
John Cooper the younger, now or late of Checkley Writtle-Hill, in Cheshire, farmer.
Thomas Chard and John Chard, both of Kingwood, in Wilts, clothiers, maltsters, and copartners.
Leonard Searles, late of Basinghall street, London, carpenter.
Dennis Skinner, of Thoverton, in Devonshire, fergemaker.
John Nangreave and Richard Nangreave, both of Warrington, in Lancashire, sail-canvas-makers and copartners.
George Attwood and Hugh White, of Bristol, common brewers and partners.
Edward Terry, of Sandwich, in Kent, cabinet-maker.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

*From the LONDON GAZETTE.**Whitehall, April 20.*

YESTERDAY morning Lieutenant Colonel Campbell, of the 71st regiment of foot, arrived in town from Georgia, by whom a letter has been received from Major-General Prevost, commanding his majesty's troops in that province, to the Right Honourable Lord George Germain, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, of which the following is an extract:

Extract of a Letter from Major-General Prevost, to Lord George Germain, dated Head Quarters, Ebenezer in Georgia, March 5.

I DID myself the honour on the 19th of January last to acquaint your lordship of my having arrived at Savannah, and, agreeable to the commander in chief's instructions, taking upon me the chief command of his majesty's troops in this province.

As soon afterwards as the proper arrangements could be made, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell was detached up the river with a select corps of about 800 regular troops, and some irregulars, to endeavour to penetrate to Augusta, and to open the Communication with the black inhabitants of the provinces. The colonel effected his march to Augusta with few obstructions, and without any loss, notwithstanding the length of the road and the difficulties of the country he had to pass through.

Lieutenant Colonel Prevost, with a considerable detachment, had been sent to sustain, join, or otherwise co-operate with Colonel Campbell, as should be judged best for his majesty's service, and had taken post at Briar Creek, to keep the enemy below in check, and to cover the advance when necessary.

But because of the length and difficulty of the communication, it was judged proper for the whole to fall back to Hudson's Ferry, twenty-four miles above this, and which now forms the upper extremity of our chain on the river. Colonel Campbell has since gone to Savannah, to establish, in consequence of his instructions from his majesty's commissioners, some civil regulations in the province previous to his departure for England: and though I must lament the loss his majesty's service will sustain in the absence of so able and active an officer, I think it no unfavorable circumstance however, that one so every way capable will have the honour of giving your lordship every necessary information regarding the service of this country: penetrating so far into it, gave him a good opportunity of knowing it; and his being fully possessed of all my ideas, which are also his views with regard to present circumstances and the views he has it much better in his power to communicate them verbally, than

I can in writing; to him therefore I beg leave to refer your lordship. He is also acquainted with the situation and state of the rebels as well as of the king's army, and knows the resources and expectations of each.

Captain Parker, of his majesty's ship Phoenix, and commander of the Squadron on this service, is also about to leave us, in compliance with his instructions from Rear-Admiral Gambier.

I cannot sufficiently express to your lordship the high sense I have of that gentleman's active zeal for the service, and his ready and chearful concurrence and co-operation when he could either act or assist. The most happy cordiality has constantly subsisted between the departments; and though I hope that will always continue, yet the departure of such an officer may not easily be made up to us in this quarter. We may also feel this diminution of our naval force, which, to be sure, was never more than adequate to the service.

I now proceed to inform your lordship, that some days ago intelligence being received that the rebels, in considerable force had taken post at Briar Creek, 13 miles about our post at Hudson's, and that they were busied in repairing the bridge (which had been destroyed by Colonel Campbell in his return downwards) as if intending to advance by that route, our post was re-inforced, and dispositions secretly made to give them a proper reception; and it being much to be wished that they would put the creek in their rear, which would put it in our power to attack them on advantageous ground, means were used to inspire them with confidence to attempt it. But, after waiting two days, finding that they meant only to establish themselves merely for the purpose of hampering us in our quarters, and cutting us off from all communication with the upper country, and perhaps had views of co-operation with their main army, it was judged proper to dislodge them. Accordingly Major M'Pherson, with the 1st battalion 71st regiment, and some irregulars, with two field pieces, was directed by Lieutenant Colonel Prevost to advance towards the bridge to mask the movement he himself had made with the 2d battalion 71st regiment, a corps of light infantry commanded by Sir James Baird, and three companies of grenadiers of the Florida brigade, with which he took a long circuit of fifty miles to cross the creek above them, and endeavour to gain their rear; dispositions were also made by the army to favour the attempt, and to amuse and keep Mr. Lincoln in check, should he in the mean time attempt any thing in this quarter. Our plan was happily effected. The rebels being in some measure surprised, on the 3d instant were totally defeated and dispersed with the loss of seven pieces of cannon, several stands of colours, almost all their arms, all their ammunition

ammunition and baggage, which were left to the victorious troops, the intrepidity and behaviour of which I am entreated by Lieutenant Colonel Prevost to report to your lordship, to be laid before his majesty. Permit me at the same time to mention him as a person deserving some mark of his majesty's royal favour; his indefatigable activity, and his faithful services intitle him to your lordship's patronage.

The second in command, Brigadier Gen. Elbert, one of their best officers, several more of note, in the whole 27 officers, with near 200 men, were taken prisoners, and about 150 killed on the field of battle, and adjoining woods and swamps; but their chief loss consists in the number of officers and men drowned in attempting to save themselves from the slaughter, and plunging into a deep and rapid river.

The loss on our side was only five privates killed, and one officer and ten privates wounded. The rebels, by the best accounts, were above two thousand. The commissary, our prisoner, says two thousand five hundred. On our side three Grenadier companies of the 60th regiment, Sir James Baird's light infantry, the 2d battalion 71st regiment, Captain Tawe's troop of light dragoons, with about 150 provincials, rangers, and militia, making in all about 900, composed the corps that attacked.

The good consequence of this defeat will, I hope, soon appear. The rebels will not again disturb us in this province. Our communication with our back friends and the Indians will be open; and though I cannot think it prudent to extend immediately far

upwards, in the mean time, whilst we guard what we have already got, we hold ourselves in readiness to catch at further favourable incidents, as they may occur.

I have only to add to your lordship, that I wish you to be assured that nothing within the compass of my abilities shall be left undone, that may be thought to tend to the advantage of his majesty's service. I have the honour to be, &c. A. PREVOST.

Lieutenant Colonel Campbell adds to the foregoing accounts, that at Augusta, and round it, the inhabitants, to the number of 1400 men, submitted, swore allegiance to the king, took the benefit of his majesty's gracious protection, and were formed into 20 companies, in the stile of militia, for the defence of their property against the incursions of the rebels from Carolina.

That after his return down the country, intelligence was received that a body of the loyalists of North and South Carolina, consisting of about 600 men, after being repulsed by the rebels, were in search of the royal army by the back or upper road. That the advanced Part of the army was immediately moved towards them; and that 300 of them joined the king's troops, and are formed under their own leaders, with every possible attention and encouragement.

That since the last action many deserters from the continental troops in Carolina had come in and were forming into companies; and that a lieutenant-colonel and 30 men had arrived in one night immediately before his departure.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

T O

CORRESPONDENTS.

SWINBURNE's *Travels through Spain* will be the first article in our Review for next month.

The Criticism on *Moral Eclogues* could not be inserted, for want of room: previous engagements and their late reception unavoidably excludes them.

The letter dated Rotherham is too obscure for our work.

Upon reflexion, we hope B. S. will think his short note on a late event, out of time.

Letter V. On the manners of the French nation had been accidentally mislaid by the Editor, but is found and will appear in our next, and the subsequent letters to the conclusion being come to hand shall be published in due order.

Our thanks are due to the author of several excellent pieces of poetry, from W. S. one of them is inserted, the others will find a place in our Magazine, May or June; and the favour of future correspondence is earnestly requested.

We have noticed the honourable mention made of Sir Matthew Hale's letter to his children, inserted in our Magazine for March, by R. B. in the Publick Advertiser of Tuesday, April 27.

We are much obliged to the Rural Christian for his hints concerning proper subjects for plates.